THE NAPANEE EXPRESS

Vo Historical Society o ... E J. POLLARD, Editor and Proprietor. $1.50 per year in advance

NAPANEE, ONTARIO, CANADA—TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 7th, 1928.

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You can save money by buying a hat now, as we must sacrifice the balance of our winter stock.

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Assorted Colors and Shapes, all this season's productions. Reg. $5.00 to $8.00

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Overcoats, Mackanaw Coats and Suits at less than Wholesale prices. All lines of winter goods at Bargain Prices.

You will need Rubbers for spring. Buy them now at Reduced Prices.

Spring Boots and Shoes are up. Our present stock now going at less than to-day's wholesale price.

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Merchant Tailor.
Men's and Boys' Wear
Newburgh, - Ont.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Persons having claims against the estate of Ralph Lawrence, late of the Village of Newburgh, in the County of Lennox and Addington, gentleman, deceased, are required to send particulars and proofs thereof to the undersigned solicitor for said estate, before the tenth day of February, A.D., 1928, after which date the assets will be distributed to the parties entitled thereto, pursuant to the provisions of section 56 of Chapter 121 R.S.O. 1914.

J. M. SIMPSON,
Solicitor for said Estate.
7-d

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Persons having claims against the estate of William Edward McKay Lockeridge, late of the township of Camden, in the County of Lennox and Addington, farmer, deceased, are required to send particulars and proofs thereof to the undersigned solicitors for said estate, before the 17th day of February, A.D., 1928, after which date the assets will be distributed to the parties entitled thereto, pursuant to the provisions of section 56 of Chapter 121 R.S.O. 1914.

HERRINGTON, WARNER & GRANGE.
Solicitors for said Estate.
8-d

THREE HOUSES TO RENT—Apply at KIMMERLY'S GROCERY. 50

HOUSE TO RENT—On Centre street, all conveniences. Apply to V. COWLING. 8-b

ALWAYS a number of farms and houses in town for sale. Owners may also list property for sale at low terms. No sale, no charge. T. B. GERMAN, Barrister, Napanee, Ont. 6-tf

WANTED—We have a few used cars in good condition for sale. Would take horses or cattle of any kind in exchange. Bring on your live stock. PAUL'S GARAGE. Phone 198. 10

SALE OF USED CARS—Some nearly new. Closed cars at great bargain prices. Come in and see them before you buy elsewhere. You can surely save money. At CARD'S GARAGE. 37-tf

HOUSE FOR SALE—The home of the late Mrs. Florence Casey Ostrom, frame, good repair, electric light, water service, full lot, good garden soil, Piety Hill, Napanee. Apply to U. M. WILSON, Napanee, Solicitor for the Vendor. 48-tf

AGENTS WANTED—Either sex. $75 weekly easy selling PALCO CLEANERS, WASHO, POLISHRITE. Cleans everything, right. Removes Road Tar without injury to paint. Sells on demonstration. Sample free. P. A. LEFEVRE & Co., Alexandria, Ont.

FROWNS DOWN EXPLOITATION.

F. St. Blase Stanley Tells Gyro Club of Conditions In India.

America entering the war undoubtedly brought about the defeat of Germany, according to F. St. Blase Stanley, F.R.C.S., who, speaking to the members of the Gyro Club of Toronto, declared that sheer numerical man-power was the one factor that ultimately mattered.

"Even had America not come in when she did, we should still have won the war," Mr. Stanley said. "By the end of 1917 we had a native army of 1,000,000 men fully trained and equipped in India, and we were prepared to draft these troops to both the western and eastern fronts. Canadian, British and Australian officers were selected and sent to India to train these troops. Every officer had active service experience."

Mr. Stanley said that a thorough knowledge of the history of India was necessary before one could hope to understand British policy.

"The British Government," continued Mr. Stanley, "does not encourage any exploitation of the natives. Every effort is being made to educate and train Indians in order that they may take a part in the government of their country, but the chief difficulty which we are up against is the fact that the various castes and races of India are intolerant of each other, and lack the spirit of co-operation."

"The caste system," he explained, "was brought into being when the Aryan races of the north invaded the country. The aborigines were negroid, and the invader, desiring to preserve his color and race, established a rigid system of castes which prevented intermarrying with the black population. There were originally three castes, but they have grown in the course of years to many thousands."

Campbell House
on Monday, February 20th
J. B. KNIGHT
Will display a complete line of ladies' and gent's
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Advice on all Scalp Ailments and the use of Inecto Rapid
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EXPRESS PRINTING OFFICE.

TOWN COUNNCIL

Council Chamber,
February 6th, 1927.

Council met in regular session on Monday evening.

In the absence of Mayor Roy, the chair was occupied by Coun. Tustin.

Present—Reeve Boyes and Councillors Simpson, Daly, Kimmerly, Lucas, Ungar.

Minutes of last regular and special session read and confirmed.

A communication was read from Mr. H. Chambers, asking for an increase of salary for his services as truck driver in the Fire Department.

Laid on the table until later in the evening.

Communications were read from J. LeMaistre and Wm. Morris, applying for the position of caretaker of the Harvey Warner Park.

Referred to the Parks Committee with power to act.

A communication was read from the Bell Telephone Co. asking permission to attach a cable to the front of the fire hall building. The idea is to run a cable along the buildings on the north side of the market and thus do away with some of the poles.

Permission granted subject to the power of revocation at any time by the Town.

A deputation from the Napanee Citizens' Band appeared before the council, seeking information as to the possible amount of the donation the council will be giving to the band this year. Last year they were given $275.00, but the deputation were of the opinion that the grant this year should be $350.00.

Moved by Coun. Ungar, seconded by Coun. Daly, that a grant of $350.00 be given the Citizens' Band for 1928.—Carried.

On motion of Coun. Kimmerly, seconded by Coun. Simpson, Mr. Frank Marsden was appointed custodian of the instruments used by the Band and owned by the town.

A communication was read from the L.O.B.A., asking for the use of the town hall for the purpose of holding a dance on Friday, January 17th. They were willing to pay the caretaker's cost, but would like a rebate on the balance of the rental fee. Owing to the late fire in the Rennie Block they suffered a considerable loss and are taking this means to raise funds.

Request granted.

Mr. J. Thompson, of Belleville, an architect by profession, asked that the council keep his name in mind when the alterations are to be made on the town hall. He would like the position of overseeing the work.

Coun. Simpson, chairman of Finance Committee, presented the Treasurer's monthly statement.

Report adopted.

Mr. Mulholland, of the Hydro Electric Commission, addressed the council on the question of a new lighting system for Dundas street. Considerable information was offered and the result will be that the Hydro Electric Commission will place before the town with estimate for the cost of additional lights on Dundas street.

Coun. Daly, chairman of the Town Property Committee, reported, asking for further time to report in reference to repairs to fire hall. Also that a fire entrance has been installed in the Public Library building at a cost of $250.00.

The Police Committee, to whom was referred the Chief Constable's report, recommended:

1st, That all working by-laws be made available for the Chief of Police; 2nd, That 18 enamel signs be secured for use on Dundas street in reference to parking from 6 to 12 p.m. on Saturday evenings, allowing 15 minutes parking only; 3rd, in reference to carter's stand, that the Campbell House yards were available and would be the carter's stand; 4th, the matter referred back to committee for a further report.

The by-law for providing the sum of $15,000 for improvement to the town hall was given its third reading and finally passed.

A by-law providing for the borrowing of $50,000 from the Standard Bank of Canada to meet the current expenses of the town, was given its several readings and finally passed.

The application of H. Chambers for increase of salary, together with that of Mr. Ward, for purchase of some new fire equipment, was referred to the Fire and Water Committee for a report.

Moved by Coun. Simpson, seconded by Coun. Kimmerly, that the Chief be instructed to write the Kingston Fire Department, expressing to them the council's appreciation of the promptness of their services when called for assistance at the time of the destruction of the Rennie Block by fire, also that an honorarium of $5.00 per man, for the five firemen who came to Napanee, accompany the letter. Carried.

ACCOUNTS.

The following accounts were ordered paid:

F. H. Perry	$ 8 52
D. B. Wilson	15 91
D. B. Wilson	1 70
Gutta Percha Co.	4 32
C. I. Maybee	30 20
C. I. Maybee	12 40
P. Gleeson	26 75
Beaver Office	176 65
Thompson Bros.	13 01
Floyd Martin	10 00
C. N. Tel. Co.	2 73
J. L. Boyes & Son	95
Denison Bros.	42 49
A. S. Kimmerly	12 85
D. Daly	1 50
J. M. Graham	4 55
F. Mills	5 00
G. Warner	5 00
H. Parks	5 00

EAT MORE LAMB

Canadians do not generally appreciate the excellence of lamb as a food and the extent to which it might be used in their daily diet. The per capita consumption of lamb in Canada has always been much lower than that of other meats. At the same time there is no more tasty meat than good lamb, and fresh killed, home-grown Canadian lamb is unsurpassed in quality. Lamb is seldom marketed in this country at less than six months of age, and in consequence varies very little in tenderness, tastiness and quality. If properly cut up and prepared for the table with reasonable skill it will surely make an appetizing and healthful meal. A small illustrated pamphlet on the Selection of Lamb Cuts, distributed by the Publications Branch, Department of Agriculture, at Ottawa, gives many pointers on buying, cutting up and cooking this meat. According to the pamphlet the ideal lamb carcase weighs from 35 to 40 lbs. with a preference for the heavier weight. It should be blocky and well rounded out, carrying a good leg of mutton and an even covering of fat. The meat should be fine in the grain, firm, juicy and nicely interspersed with fat, coarse grain being the result of age or poor breeding. The pamphlet gives instructions for making the various cuts and for cooking in different ways.

IMPROPER OPERATION BLAMED ON DRIVER

BY ERWIN GREER
(President Greer School of Electrical and Automotive Trades, Chicago, Ill.)

Lack of care and improper operation is responsible for 85 per cent. of all automobile troubles.

I speak by the book; right out of the records of my own school. This condition probably exists because so few owners have realized the necessity of learning really to understand the motor vehicle.

The way to get the most out of a car with the least outlay of money is to spend a few dollars and a little time in learning something about the automobile; how to prevent trouble; how to care properly for it and how to drive correctly. Once you have this knowledge you can save many unnecessary bills and get a great deal more fun.

It is because of this need that automobile schools have been organized. In addition to the regular lessons on mechanical subjects, lectures are given by outside authorities on the starting, lighting and ignition systems, the storage battery and tires.

It has been said that accidents are decreasing, even though the number of automobiles in use on the highways of the country is on the increase. This is said to be due to more stringent traffic laws, better highways and a more careful pedestrian public.

Automobile drivers should be especially careful to avoid injuring pedestrians who cross or meet in the middle of the block, though by all rules and regulations they should cross at street intersections.

A great many accidents and fatalities have been caused by those people on foot who attempt crossing a thoroughfare in a jam of motor traffic in the middle of a block. But the driver should be on the alert to watch for this type. It is very essential to have all brakes working properly, as it is a common practice to speed up a little between street intersections and if the brakes are not working an accident is very likely to occur.

Motor accidents result from faulty adjustments or application of brakes in my belief than from any other cause. It is important therefore to test your brakes frequently and at least once a month they should be given a thorough test. When one is experienced in this line of work of the owner himself does not possess the proper knowledge of the work to be done.

ENTERPRISE.

The January meeting of the Enterprise Women's Institute was held at the home of Mrs. A. Jackson, with a goodly number of members in attendance, also a few visitors. A paper on the subject of "Canadian Women of Note," was given by Mrs. T. Wilson, which enjoyed by everyone present.

An interesting little reading called, "Bishop's Hands," was given by our President, Mrs. Oliver.

It was decided at the meeting to send again for the Travelling Library, and arrangements were made for an "Apron Tea," to be held on the occasion of the next monthly meeting of the Institute.

Refreshments were served and the meeting closed as usual.

Try a Classified Adv. in The Napanee Express if you want results.

TAMWORTH.

The roads are in good shape and many are taking advantage drawing logs nd pulpwood.

Mr. Dale Donovan is drawing wood from the muskrat farm for Medonte Kirkpatrick.

Ice cutting is the order of the day; there are about 14 inches of ice.

Ed. Schoolcraft has a contract for putting out 500 yards of gravel for the township of Sheffield.

Arthur Kimmett has started the job of getting out pulpwood from James Munday's place.

There was born to Mr. and Mrs. Dr. O'Connor, a baby girl on January 25th.

A euchre party was held in the town hall on Friday evening last, and was largely attended. The prizes were awarded to Mr. Bill Smith and Helen Amey.

There was a party in the hall Tuesday evening, given by the Women's Institute.

Miss Euphemia Williams went to Kingston on Monday last.

WILTON.

Mr. George Emberley was removed to the hospital on Wednesday and all hope for a speedy recovery.

Mrs. J. E. Storms had the misfortune to break her wrist.

The play held in the hall on Tuesday evening, by the Sydenham people, under the auspices of the Presbyterian social committee, was a decided success.

Mrs. Rose Storms is visiting her son Mr. Shibley Neilson, Walkerville.

The Presbyterians are practising their play, entitled "Bashful Mr. Bobbs," which will be given the latter part of February.

The roads have been ploughed out so they are quite passable for cars.

Miss Beatrice Shibley, of Hargowsmith, spent last week with Miss Dorothy Neilson.

The Women's Institute held its monthly meeting at the home of the President, Mrs. W. C. Snider. A large crowd attended in spite of the cold weather. Singing and games were enjoyed and "hot-dogs" and pie was served at midnight. All went home wishing the Institute wonderful success.

The Y.P.S. was at the home of Mrs. W. H. Mills on Thursdy evening last. Over thirty were present and a very beneficial evening was spent.

Mr. Earl Cole is attending Business College in Kingston.

DESERONTO.

A large crowd attended the White Ball on Friday evening, when pictures of Belgium were shown by Mr. Ostrander, for "the School and Home Association. A good collection was taken.

Napanee Collegiate boys defeated Deseronto High School here on the basketball floor played at the rink on Friday evening, by a score of 2-0.

Mrs. E. A. Rixen entertained at a delightfully arranged bridge on four tables on Friday evening. The prizes were won by Mrs. Robert Rennie, Mrs. Argue, Mrs. Boyce and Mrs. VanDusen.

Mr. and Mrs. Dawson, of Odessa, have taken up residence in Deseronto, Mr. Dawson having purchased the store on Main street from Mr. Schuyler French.

Messrs. Edward Smith and Frank Young spent the week-end at their homes here.

Thos. Hetherington, of the Standard Bank staff, Belleville, spent the week-end at his home here.

The Ladies' Guild, of St. Mark's church met at the home of the President, Mrs. Robinson, on Thursday evening.

Mrs. Henry Bond, Centre street, has been confined to the house through illness.

Mrs. G. Pearce is visiting friends in Ottawa.

Mrs. James Dunn, of Toronto, is the guest of Miss Ella Dunn.

Mr. L. J. Green, Kingston, was the week-end guest of Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Rixen.

Mrs. S. Mitchell presided at the organ at the Church of the Redeemer on Sunday, owing to the absence of the organist, Mrs. W. G. Pearce.

Miss Dunn, of Toronto, is the guest of Cecil Sager.

Mr. Bedford, of Kingston, spent Sunday with his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Bedford.

Miss Marguerite Amey entertained a number of her friends on Friday evening.

Mr. Harold Harvey, of Kingston is visiting at the parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Harvey.

Miss Helena Naphin, of Kingston, spent the week-end at her home.

Mrs. Arnold Vandewater and young daughter, of Wellington, who have been the guests of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Rendell, have returned to their home.

The infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Ross Rendell, who was scalded last week is improving.

A euchre and bridge, under the auspices of the Citizens' League, will be held in the White Hall on Wednesday evening.

Miss Vivian Oliver spent the week-end at her home here.

The walks are extremely dangerous owing to the ice.

Ice races will be held on the bay on Wednesday.

The town council, after many attempts, is now complete, as a result of a recent nomination meeting. Cecil Argue has been elected reeve by acclamation and George Clement and Percy Bowen complete the council.

THE POULTRY BANQUET

The Annual Poultry Banquet of the Napanee Poultry Association was held on Friday last at the Paisley House, and scored another great success, not only in having a very popular speaker as the guest of the evening, Dr. Barnes, of Ottawa Dominion staff, but also a splendid turn out, as the spacious dining hall was well filled with the poultry men and their wives and guests, who were treated to a very splendid supper of roasted milk fed chicken and all the fixing; put on by our host Fistpatrick, and his very capable wife and staff, in a very creditable and attractive manner.

At the head table were seated the following officers of the Association and their guests:

Honorary Presidents, Dr. Ming, M.P., Tweed, Geo. John Hayes; President, Ray Perry; Vice-President, M. B. Mills; Treasurer, Geo. Knox, the speaker of the evening, Dr. Barnes; Mr. Laughland, Agricultural Representative of Lennox; Rev. R. B. Dumbrille, M. A., C.B.E., Belleville, P. Corry, President Chamber of Commerce, W. Wiggins, Secretary Chamber of Commerce, T. B. Wallace, and last, but by no least, our genial Secretary of the Lennox Fair, J. L. Boyes, who made the bit of the evening in the speech, replete with facts, figures, geniality and a quaint humor, which kept his audience in roars of laughter, and undoubtedly gave the Poultry Association no stinted praise for the work they are doing in building up the poultry business, and helping to make the Lennox Fair surpass all other fairs in the district.

Having regaled ourselves on the splendid repast, the President welcomed Dr. Barnes in a few well chosen remarks, who rose to the occasion and delivered a very unique and splendid address, giving much practicable and useful information, which in his usual masterly and attractive fashion, with just enough stories and humor thrown in to make good entertainment and a desire to welcome him again. Limited time and space prevents a full report of his splendid speech. But a few subjects touched on were the wonderful resources of Canada, especially in poultry, and a great future for the business of our strategic position being in the heart of the best producing section, and our great mart, having the largest poultry fair in the Dominion right at our own door, built on many lines of close attention to selection and breeding of suitable poultry, and painstaking in feeding and finishing for market, and now Napanee is noted the province over for her superior output of milk fed, cream fattened poultry.

He also mentioned the Chinchilla rabbit raising as a branch well worth taking up, as a great deal of profit, owing to the lessening supply of wild fur and the increasing demand for fur garments, etc. Many poultry men have already taken it up and are making good money.

On motion of M. B. Mills, seconded by Mr. Hayes, a rousing vote of thanks was tendered the speaker, who in a neat reply told the audience that the pleasure was equally his, as he meets with no better reception anywhere than in Napanee and the attention given, covered shown fully him on to his very best effort.

With "God Save the King," our most successful banquet came to a close.

"THE COMMITTEE."

IN MEMORIAM.

John Sidney Aylesworth was born May 21st, 1846, on a farm one mile from the village of Odessa, being the youngest of a family of eleven children. Their parents were of U. E. Loyalist descent, being Robert Aylesworth and Hannah Frasier. He received his early education at Odessa Academy, and was a very clever student. At the age of twenty he attended the School of Military Instruction, Kingston, and received his certificate in 1866. He received a commission as Lieutenant to assist in quelling the Fenian Raid, but they were not needed. For this, he was granted scrip for 166 acres of land in New Ontario. He never claimed the land. His great life work and the one he was best known for was that of Dominion Land Surveyor and Civil Engineer. He qualified in Toronto and joined the staff of Land Surveyors ... in 1871; and for forty-six years he worked as such. He was Drainage Engineer for the County of Lennox and Addington in Lennox County, and no one came to him for advice or help in such matters that it was not given freely. He was a Liberal in politics and a Methodist in religion, a strong, quiet, able man, who will be much missed in the home and community. His brothers, sisters and wife predeceased him by several years. There are left to mourn his loss, two daughters, Mrs. Schuyler Windover, Kingston, and Mrs. J. W. Humphrey, at home, and one grandchild, Mrs. Kenneth Brebner, Newark, N.J. He fell asleep on January 17th, 1928, and his funeral was conducted by the Rev. Batstone, in Selby United Church.

There is no flock, however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there;
There is no fireside, howso'er defended,
But has one vacant chair.

Cross Cut Saws and Axes.

Also circular wood cutting saws, 30 inches in diameter.

WILSON'S HARDWARE.

ARTHUR CHARLES TUMMON

The newly elected warden of the County of Lennox and Addington for the year 1928, was born in 1890 in the County of Hastings. He has lived in Selby for the past thirteen years, where he has built up a large veterinary practice throughout the district. He has taken a leading part in many activities in the County. Mr. Tummon was elected Reeve of Richmond Township in 1920, 1921 and 1927, and in 1928 was returned by acclamation. This is the first time in forty years that a Reeve and Council in Richmond have been returned by acclamation. Mr. Tummon is the first Reeve of Richmond to be honored by the position of Warden of the County since 1885, when Mr. Thos. W. Seymith held that office, although Mr. R. W. Paul and Mr. M. C. Bogart, as representatives of the Napanee County Council Division which included the Township of Richmond, were Wardens in the years 1904 and 1905 respectively. Mr. Tummon is a cousin of W. E. Tummon, M.P., of Tweed, federal member for Hastings. In 1927 he was chairman of the County Roads Commission. It was in this year that the County of Lennox and Addington made a start in the building of permanent roads, something that this County has needed for some time.

SELBY.

Rev. Gardner, of Kingsville, preached in the United Church on Sunday night.

Mrs. Gourlie and B. Dudgeon spent a few days recently in Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Rooks spent Friday last at F. L. Amey's.

B. Martin is moving on his farm west of the village and M. Dewell is moving on the farm he bought from B. Martin.

Mr. and Mrs. McLeod entertained a few of their friends on Saturday evening last.

We are glad to say G. Price is improving after his recent operation.

A large crowd attended B. Martin's sale.

Mrs. W. Bridge is spending a few days with her parents at Roblin.

Mr. and Mrs F. L. Amey and daughter, spent Tuesday last in Kingston.

Poultry Wanted.

Highest cash prices paid for live poultry. Try us for satisfaction.

THE M. B. MILLS CO.

ODESSA.

The many friends of Mr. and Mrs. Marcus Fraser at Odessa are very sorry that they have decided to leave here to reside in Deseronto, where Mr. Dawson has purchased the store and dwelling. They lived in the village for some time and kept store where Mr. Dawson's father, Wesley Dawson, is doing business at the present time, before moving to their farm. The dwelling on the farm has burned down and Mr. Fraser and the farm has been purchased by Schuyler French, of Deseronto. One evening recently a number of their friends met at the United Church and presented them with a handsome purse of money as a farewell gift. All wished them every success and happiness in their new home.

Chester Snider was removed to the Kingston General Hospital on Monday last. All hope for his speedy recovery.

Mrs. Bert Bennett, who has been ill for some time, is slowly recovering.

Mr. and Mrs. B. G. Hamm and Mr. and Mrs. Marcus Fraser attended the funeral of the former's uncle, John Sidney Aylesworth, of Selby.

Robert Ramsay, Newburgh, has joined the Royal Bank Staff.

The young people are enjoying the excellent skating on the mill pond. The condition of the ice is simply irresistible for the skaters.

COMING :-: EVENTS

DO NOT FORGET THE "SLICKERS" by the Community Players, at Wonderland Theatre, on February 15th.

THE MEMBERS OF THE NAPANEE Golf and Country Club will hold a St. Valentine's dance in the Paisley House on the evening of February 13th.

A CHILD WELFARE CLINIC FOR the pre-school child is held each Thursday, from 2 to 4, in the Council Chamber, under the direction of the Victorian Order of Nurses. 46-tf

Mother Goose China For Tiny Travellers

Special attention to kiddies, travelling with their parents on trains of the Canadian National Railways, has for some time been a feature of service on Canadian National dining cars. Nursery rhyme menus, illustrated with all the popular nursery rhyme characters, have been provided for the youngsters to select their own meals, and special meals, suited to the kiddies' tastes have been provided. Now another attraction for the children has been provided, with the placing on each of the diners of special china services for the children each of the plates, cups, etc., being decorated with paintings from the nursery rhymes. The famous cow jumping over the moon and Miss Muffet shrinking in horror from the spider which "sat down beside her" are but two of the nursery rhyme characters illustrated in colors on the edges of soup and dinner plates, cups and saucers. High chairs for the convenience of tiny travellers who are still too small to be seated at the regular table, and special bibs to prevent soiling of pretty dresses, are part of the equipment of every standard dining car.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

BY G. C. TRUMBULL,
(Editor of The Sunday School Times.)

JESUS PICTURES THE KINGDOM OF GOD.

Sunday, Feb. 12.—Mark 4:14, 15; 4:1-34.

Golden Text—Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth, as it is in Heaven. (Matt. 6:10.)

Most people have rather vague and confused ideas as to what "the Kingdom of God" is. If we are to study a lesson on it, it is well to be clear on the meaning of this Kingdom. It has been well defined as follows :

"The Kingdom of God is universal, including all moral intelligences willingly subject to the will of God, whether angels, the Church's saints of past or future dispensations. (Luke 13 : 28, 29 ; Heb. 12 : 22, 23). The Kingdom of God is entered only by the new birth (John 3 : 3, 5-7). But the parable of the leaven (Matt. 13 : 33) is spoken of the Kingdom of God, for alas ! even the true doctrines of the Kingdom are leavened with the errors of which the Pharisees, Sadducees, and the Herodians were the representatives. The Kingdom of God "comes not with outward show" (Luke 17 : 20), but is chiefly that which is inward and spiritual (Rom. 14 : 17)."

Our Lord, therefore, came "preaching the Gospel of the Kingdom of God, and saying, The time is fulfilled, and the Kingdom of God is at hand : repent ye, and believe the Gospel." He was offering admission into this eternal Kingdom, with eternal life, to all who would believe the good news that was being made possible by the incarnation and coming death and resurrection of the Son of God.

The lesson then gives us four different parables taught by the Lord Jesus : of the sower, the candle, the gradual growth of the seed, and the mustard seed. These parables were taught to the disciples ; they were told promiscuously, so that any who would might hear, but the form of parable was used in order that those who were unwilling to believe in Christ and so do God's will might not understand their meaning. There is terrible loss in rejecting what God offers.

Our Lord plainly said to His disciples, when they were alone with Him, and asked Him the meaning of a parable that had been taught in the presence of a great multitude : "Unto you it is given to know the mystery of the Kingdom of God ; but unto them that are without, all these things are done in a parable ; that seeing they may see, and not perceive."

What did He mean by mystery ? "A 'mystery' in Scripture is a previously hidden truth, now divinely revealed, but in which a supernatural element still remains, despite the revelation. The greater mysteries are : (1) The mysteries of the Kingdom of Heaven (Matt. 13 : 3-50) ; (2) the mystery of Israel's blindness during this age (Rom. 11 : 25, with context) ; (3) the mystery of the translation of living saints at the end of this age (1 Cor. 15 : 51, 52 ; 1 Thess. 4 : 14-17) ; (4) the mystery of the N.T. Church as one body, composed of Jew and Gentile (Eph. 3 : 1-14 ; Rom. 16 : 25 ; Eph. 6 : 19 ; Col. 4 : 3) ; (5) the mystery of the indwing Christ (Gal. 2 : 20 ; Col. 1 : 26,27) ; (6) the 'mystery of God, even Christ,' that is Christ as the incarnate fullness of the Godhead embodied, in whom all the Divine wisdom for man subsists (Col. 2:2 2-9 ; 1 Col. 2:27) ; (7) the mystery of the processes by which godlikeness is restored to man (1 Tim. 3 : 16) ; (8) the mystery of iniquity (2 Thess. 2:27 ; Matt. 13:33) ; (9) the mystery of the seven stars (Rev. 1 : 20) ; (10) the mystery of Babylon (Rev. 17: 5,7)."

There are four possible results when God's Word is given to men. These are shown in the parable of the sower. The living, life-giving Word is the seed that is sown —any one who will can sow it, and there is no greater work that any of us can do. But if it falls by the wayside, Satan, likened to the fowls of the air, may at once come and take it away. If it falls on stony ground, it means that the hearers receive it with superficial eagerness, but when any severe test comes they lose what they had ; and there was no depth of earth, and the seed, having no root, withers away in the sun. Other seed may be sown among thorns. The hearers receive it, but then get so absorbed in worldliness and riches that the seed is choked and bears no fruit.

But when the seed of God's Word is received by listeners who take it, and bury it deep in their lives, and do not let Satan pluck it away, but let its roots grow, and prevent its being choked by riches or worldliness, then, indeed, fruit is brought forth, thirthy-fold, or sixty, or a hundred-fold. Why should we not all be in this class ? "We may if we will.

When Our Lord says that a candle is not something to be concealed, but to be set on a candlestick, so as to throw its light as far as possible, He is showing Christians their duty and privileges. Then He adds : "There is nothing hid which shall not be manifested." This is often quoted as though it meant that all concealed sin and evil will some day be sure to come to light. But the opposite is meant, that all goodness and light will some day be revealed.

The closing parable of the lesson, on the earthly sphere of the Kingdom of God, likens its beginnings to a grain of mustard seed, as seen in Acts 1 : 15 ; 2 : 41. It grows until it "becometh greater than all herbs, and shooteth out great branches ; so that the fowls of the air may lodge under the branches of it" In another parable the Lord had just explained that "the fowls of the air" meant Satan (Mark 4: 4, 15). And it is only too true that Satan, as an angel of light, and his false teachings, find lodgment under the shadow of the great professing Christian Church, or Christendom today.

HOPE FOR THE BRAINLESS.

Brains Were Not Essential in Struggle for Material Success.

Prof. Joseph Jastrow, head of the department of psychology in Wisconsin University, addressing the Institue of Arts and Sciences of Columbia University, declared that brains were not essential in the struggle for material success.

"Success is generally due to a combination of luck, circumstance and outside influence," said Prof. Jastrow. "One has to use only enough brains to keep one from standing in the way of success.

"We have greatly over-emphastsed the value of intelligence in business and in the other affairs of everyday life. Many have achieved success without undue display of mental activity.

"We read 'success magazines,' hoping to find the way to win our own fortune. We do not gain a great deal of help, but we read about fortunate individuals who have invested blindly and become rich overnight; then we find that they are only ordinary dull folks after all. Good brains, as a matter of fact, are not common.

"Older people spend a considerable time criticising the younger generation, forgetting what went on in their own minds when they were children. Young people should not be expected to be stupidly rational at all the time. All people must blow off a little steam now and then, and the son and daughter have more excess steam than the father and mother."

Has 58,000,000 Acres.

The arable land area of Saskatchewan is placed at 58,000,000 acres and the area under cultivation in 1926 at 26,264,640 or less than half the total. The area under wheat in the same year was 13,466,457 acres or approximately half that under cultivation. Saskatchewan consistently accounts for over half of the Canadian wheat crop.

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ROBT. LIGHT.
4tf

THE ENGLISH PRAYER-BOOK BATTLE IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

DECEMBER 15th, 1927

16 York Rd. Ilford, London,
Jan. 11th, 1928.

Dear Mr. Editor :—

The Dominions, as well as England, have been profoundly stirred by the great debate in the British Parliament over the Revised Prayer Book. No doubt the Canadian papers have given the public the main facts, but some of the most dramatic and tide turning incidents were not recorded in the newspapers or official reports.

The debate really educated the whole House of Commons, and in fact the nation, as to the spirit and empire importance of the old English Prayer Book. Often when travelling, I worship in the Church of England, but never till the debate did I realize that this book, next to the Pilgrim's Progress and the bible, is the most wonderful book in the world.

If any of your readers have never read one, I strongly recommend them to borrow one from a member of the Church of England, and to read the 39 Articles and the Order of the Communion Service.

On critically reading it, I find in all essential truths all Protestant Churches agree with the teachings of this great book. It is well known that Wesley taught that he who was not a churchman to the end, and the difference was chiefly in form of worship and administration.

According to the speeches in the House, it is the disloyal Bishops, Vicars, and Curates who for 60 years have misrepresented its real teachings, and split the national church into sections. According to a Jesuit work entitled "Converts to Rome" Years ago Curates, after teaching Roman doctrines not in the Prayer Book, have gone over to Rome and been ordained there. It is clear that these men never did believe in the teaching of their own Prayer Book.

Only 38, according to the Jesuits' record have gone over from all other Protestant ministerires, including those in the United States.

THE BISHOPS' 20 YEARS' WORK ON THE NEW PRAYER BOOK REJECTED

The Bishops had been twenty years preparing this new book, and canvassed it in the Lords and Commons, and for 3 years had engineered all the voting in the Church Assemblies, etc., so that all were confident that the new book, with the doctrine of "Transubstantiation" concealed in the Communion Service, would surely go through.

The House of Lords, which included the Bishops as voters, passed it by 241 to 83 votes. The real reason was that not one speaker explained clearly what was the MASS. They spoke on every subject under the sun and mentioned the Mass, but did not explain it, and show that it was concealed in the new book. The speakers all took it for granted that the Lords knew. Accordingly in their ignorance they voted for it and passed it. It was really undoing the Reformation.

Judging by the press reports and private letters, I don't believe one person in Britain had faith to believe the old Book would be saved.

The hearts of the great mass of the Church of England and Nonconformists sank and almost abandoned hope. When we opened our papers on Friday a.m. Dec. 16th, the nation could not believe its eyes. We read "The New Prayer Book Rejected by the House of Commons" by 238 to 205 votes.

What had wrought the change?

1st—The Home Secretary, Sir Wm. Joynson-Hicks, a lawyer by profession, read out a list of services being conducted in London Churches of England entitled High Mass, Low Mass, etc., as in the Church of Rome, and charged the Archbishop of Canterbury and Bishops of London with deliberately promoting these disloyal Romanizing Vicars and passing over honest, loyal men who were true to the Church of England. He read the Jesuit Father Woodlock's words, stating the new book contained the Roman teaching of the Mass, and showed that hundreds of Church of England churches were teaching this doctrine and wearing Vestments condemned in the Prayer Book as associated with idolatrous worship.

About 1500 were definitely teaching it. He did not ridicule the Mass, or speak disrespectfully of Roman Catholics, but he powerfully impressed it upon the House that this is not the teaching of the Church of England, and that those who wanted it should join the Church of Rome, and 672 Vicars and Curates already had done, and should not stay in the Church of England.

AN M.P. CELEBRATES A MASS IN IMAGINATION IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

The speech which turned the House round was by a Glasgow lawyer, Mr. Rosslyn Mitchell, M. P. The whole press of the country state he turned the House round. He, in imagination, celebrated a Mass before the enthralled House. He went through the forty-five minutes Mass of the service, and showed, as he changed the Vestments in imagination, what each one meant, and explained what the WAFER meant, and explained that it was stampeed in a steam press by a man, and after certain ceremonies and changing of Vestments it became to the Priest and worshippers the real Flesh and Blood of Christ, and was put in a little tabernacle to be afterwards worshipped and adored.

He turned men's ears into eyes, and they saw as never before what a vast conspiracy against the Reformation lay hidden in the new Prayer Book. He never ridiculed or spoke disrespectfully of those who believed these doctrines, but he drove home the truth that the Mass was not the doctrine of the Church of England.

ROSSLYN MITCHELL'S SPEECH IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS ON DEC. 15th, 1927.

Here is the official Parliamentary Report of his words as recorded in Hansard of Dec. 15th, 1927 :

"When Cranmer and Ridley and Latimer were taken from the Tower of London down to Oxford to dispute upon this question with the learned men and saints of Oxford and Cambridge, there were only three questions set before them. Each one of these questions was the question of the Real Presence in one form or another ; and these were the three questions :

1. Whether the Natural Body of Christ be really in the Sacrament after the words spoken by the priest or no ?

2 Whether in the Sacrament after the words of consecration any other substance do remain than the substance of the Body and Blood of Christ ?

3. Whether in the Mass be a sacrifice propitiatory for the sins of the quick and the dead ?

"That was the dividing line, and that has remained the dividing line throughout the centuries. So long as that dividing line remains, the Church of England stands as a Protestant Reformed Church. Directly that dividing line is stepped over it becomes possible for the Church of England to unite itself with the Church of Rome, and impossible for the Church of England to unite with the other Protestant Churches.

"In order that there might be no doubt, the vestments that were worn associated with Transubstantiation were forbidden ; in order that there might be no doubt, bread was ordered and not a wafer ; in order that there might be no doubt, the bread was ordered to be broken."

"Why should they do all that? These men were not fools. These men had risked their lives for this principle. Why did they do that ? Because they believed in it. Yes ; but so that no others following them should have ever to risk their lives, but there should never be any doubt in the mind of any person communicating in the Church of England as to the position she took up on that question. That, until about thirty years ago, has remained the definite position of the Church of England. We have heard a good deal about what the Bishops will do. In the year 1924 Bishop Gore, with 5000 clergy of the Church of England, made this declaration : 'The signatories affirm that they hold in the Incarnate doctrine of the Anglican Church that they have received Apostolic Orders through their Bishops.'

"With the purpose that we should offer the unbloodred sacrifice of the Eucharist for both the living and the departed."

"A Bishop and 3,000 clergy of the Church of England, which is universally accepted as a Protestant Reformed Church, go on to say :

"We hold that by consecration the bread and wine are changed and become the true Body and Blood of Christ, and we hold that Christ thus presented is to be adored."

"All honour to men if they believe that when they declare it ; but it is not correct to say of the unanimous view of the Church of England that it maintains the Protestant Reformed tradition. It is a Bishop leading 3,000 clergy to declare that they have certain things to be true to the teachings of the Church of England which the rubric of the Church of England Prayer Book declares to be idolatrous and abhorrent. "Those who founded the Church as a Protestant Reformed" Church, said, 'You shall not wear certain garments, because of their association with certain things.' Today, under the new system, the priest officiating at the Communion is to wear, if he cares, the chasuble, the alb, the maniple."

"One of my friends of the Roman Catholic Communion has been so good as to explain to me the wonderful symbolism associated with that garment ; it is a symbolism which begins and ends with the acceptance of the theory of the Transubstantiation of the Elements"

THE MEANING OF THE FORBIDDEN VESTMENTS

"The alb is a vestment of white linen extending to the feet, worn by the Roman Catholic celebrating Communion now are to wear these three garments which are definitely, historically and ecclesiastically confined and restricted to a celebration which presupposes the Real Presence and the transformation of the Elements at the Communion. Is not that an approach towards Transubstantiation ? Moreover they are now to have not the bread, which might crumble, but the wafer. Why a wafer? Why made of the same substance ; it is made by machinery ; it does not drop like manna ; from the time it is manufactured by a machine driven by steam ; and it is stamped with a stamp which is worked by a man. It does not crumble. Why do they wear certain clothes ? Because something is going to happen. Why do they take a wafer ? Because something is going to happen. Why do they put it away in a little tabernacle ? Because something has happened. What has happened ? Will the right hon. and learned gentleman, who says that this does not contain any change of doctrine at all, tell me what has happened ? Why does the priest wear his garments ? That something may happen through him, and through nobody else. What does he in the faith of his heart, anticipate, by the Grace of God may happen? What does he understand to have happened when he places the wafer in a special little tabernacle for the faithful to adore, even of which to feel the mythical presence ? He understands and there is not one of them who is so casuistical as to deny it—that in this mystery—which to others may be magic, but to him is one of the most sacred mysteries in the whole of the living universe—God Himself, through him as the instrument, has come down upon the material manufactured by man. That is Transubstantiation, and that is the dividing principle between the two churches. If the Church of England wants that, then let her have it. Let her go on her journey, and God be with her, but if she does not want it, then she cannot pass this Book."

"May I say one more word ? In one generation, with the Deposited Book, you can swing over all the children of England from the Protestant Reformed Faith to the Roman Catholic Faith. In five years, with that Book, you can make life impossible for every teacher in a Church School who does not agree with the views of the Vicar who is sitting on the committee of management."

With tremendous dramatic power Mr. Mitchell described the taking of Cranmer, Ridley and Latimer down to Oxford, before they were burned at the stake, to dispute with the Roman Bishops the meaning of the Mass—the same error concealed in the new Prayer Book. Some M.P.'s shed tears as he turned their ears into eyes with his tongue of fire. Joynson Hicks, Inskipp, Hogg and others mentioned the errors ; Mr. Mitchell explained them and their terrible meaning, and turned the House against the Book. M. P.'s went through the whole subtle conspiracy with new eyes. A majority of 100 for the Book was changed inside two hours to 33 against. Had any M.P.'s not already pledged their votes to their Vicars this adverse vote would have been overwhelming.

Letters from representative men all over the country show that the rejection of the Book has been immensely popular with the great mass of the people.

AN UNSEEN POWER DESCENDS ON THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

In another hour after this speech it was plain that the House was changing sides in scores.

Those who were there state, that it was clear that an UNSEEN POWER was present and working on the hearts of men. Wave after wave of emotion swept through the House and set the hearts of members on fire.

"The Bishops in the gallery became alarmed, and the Archbishop went once or twice to the terrible charges were levelled straight at him and his thirty-nine Bishops who were backing the new Prayer Book against four who declared it contained the Roman Doctrine of the Mass.

The Bishop of Norwich for two years stood alone against the Book They called him "a lone sparrow on the housetop." Three other Bishops in the last days came out and stood with him and declared the Roman Mass was concealed in the Book.

THE COLLAPSE OF THE HIGH CHURCH LEADERS

Lord Hugh Cecil the High Church Leader, a great orator, broke down for the first time in his life and gave up. To crown all Lord Wolmer, the late H. C. Leader, attempted to show that the Home Secretary was mistaken in his interpretation of the new Book by quoting from Father Woodlock's book, "The Eucharist." When the House realized he was quoting from a Jesuit's book, members went frantic with anger and shouted at him to sit down. They yelled "divide ! divide ! divide !" Lord Wolmer flung the book on the Treasury bench and sat down in disgust.

The Roman Catholic paper UNIVERSE, states that he left the book on the Treasury Bench when the House adjourned. The House saw the Jesuit hand in the new Book. This was the reason why they were so anger with Wolmer for attempting to quote a Jesuit book.

THE SCENE AFTER THE VOTE WAS TAKEN

Then the vote was taken amidst tremendous excitement. When the tellers read the figures 238 to 205, members stood and waved hats, order papers, handkerchiefs and so forth.

ALBERT CLOSE.

CLOSE GRAZING OF THE PASTURES

(Experimental Farm Notes)

The question of the influence of the stage of growth on the composition of grasses has long been under investigation and it is now a well established fact that young grass is much more nutritious than that approaching maturity. The chief differences in composition lie in the variations of fibre and protein contents ; the percentage of fibre increasing and that of protein decreasing with maturity. Not only is the fibre content markedly lower in the young grass but such fibre as is present is more digestible than that of the ripe grass. A consideration of the ranges of protein content shows strikingly the greater value of young grass: For example, the percentage of protein in timothy just speard" is double that at the "seed fully formed" stage. Knowledge of these variations in composition has long been the basis of the advice that it is good practice to cut grass for hay very shortly after the formation of seed. In recent years the possibilities as a furnisher of protein in the ration considering young grass as a has been suggested.

In several countries, notably Germany and England, a system of pasturage known as "close-grazing" has been tried out, in recent years. By this plan it was expected that grass lands could be made to furnish a fairly high protein concentrate in the form of very young grass in continuous supplies. This is done by cropping the area fairly close, moving the animals, heavily fertilizing with nitrogenous fertilizers, e.g. nitrate of soda, and allowing the grass to grow, say ten days or a fortnight, before again cropping. A preliminary experiment conducted by the Division of Chemistry, Experimental Farm, Ottawa, during the past summer, to obtain Canadian data on this subject, has given some interesting results. Of four plots, one cut weekly ; one, fortnightly ; one every third week and one a hay, the plot cut every third week furnished the largest amount of digestible dry matter and of protein.

Close grazing has its practical difficulties and the adoption of a scheme calling for the systematic cropping of an area, with the attendant expenditure for fertilizer, labor, and fencing, would not be economic on farms generally in Canada. Nevertheless, the principle is sound and adaptation of the scheme may be found which would meet local conditions and at the same time increase the feeding value of our pastures.

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The FORESTER'S DAUGHTER

A ROMANCE OF THE BEAR TOOTH RANGE

By HAMLIN GARLAND

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Berrie also had keen eyes for his outfit and his training, and under her direction he learned to pack a horse, set a tent, build a fire in the rain and other duties.

"You want to remember that you carry your bed and board with you," she said, "and you must be prepared to camp anywhere and at any time."

The girl's skill in these particulars was marvelous to him and added to the admiration he already felt for her. Her hand was as deft, as sure, as the best of them, and her knowledge of cayuse psychology more profound than any of the men excepting her father.

One day toward the end of his second week in the village the supervisor said: "Well, now, if you're ready to experiment I'll send you over to Settle, the ranger, on the Horseshoe. He's a little lame on his pen hand side, and you may be able to help him out. Maybe I'll ride over there with you. I want to line out some timber sales on the west side of Ptarmigan."

This commission delighted Norcross greatly. "I'm ready, sir, this moment," he answered, saluting soldier-wise.

The next morning as he rode down to the office to meet the supervisor he was surprised and delighted to find Berea there. "I'm riding too," she announced delightedly, "I never been over that new trail, and father has agreed to let me go along." Then she added earnestly: "I think it's fine you're going in for the service, but it's hard work, and you must be careful till you're hardened to it. It's a long way to a doctor from Settle's station."

He was annoyed as well as touched by her warning, for it proclaimed that he was still far from looking the brave tenderfoot he felt himself to be. He replied, "I'm not going to try anything wild, but I do intend to master the trailer's craft."

"I'll teach you how to camp if you'll let me," she continued. "I've been on lots of surveys with father, and I always take my share of the work. I threw that hitch alone." She nodded toward the pack horse, whose neat load gave evidence of her skill. "I told father this was to be a real camping expedition, and as the grouse season is on we'll live on the country. Can you fish?"

"Just about that," he laughed. "Good thing you didn't ask me if I could catch fish." He was recovering his spirits. "It will be great fun to have you as instructor in camp science. I seem to be in for all kinds of good luck."

They both grew uneasy as time passed for fear something or some one would intervene to prevent this trip, which grew in interest each moment, but at last the supervisor came out and mounted his horse, the pack ponies fell in behind, Berrie followed, and the student of woodcraft brought up the rear.

CHAPTER VI.

In Camp.

FOR several miles they rode upward through golden forests of aspens. On either hand rose thick walls of snow white boles, and in the mystic glow of their gilded leaves the face of the girl shone with unearthly beauty.

Twice she stopped to gaze into Wayland's face to say, with hushed intensity: "Isn't it wonderful? Don't you wish it would last forever?"

Her words were poor, ineffectual, but her look, her breathless voice, made up for their lack of originality. Once she said: "I never saw it so lovely before. It is an enchanted land!" with no suspicion that the larger part of her ecstasy arose from the presence of her young and sympathetic companion. He, too, responded to the beauty of the day, of the golden forest as one who had taken new hold on life after long illness.

Meanwhile the supervisor was calmly leading the way upward, vaguely conscious of the magical air and mystic landscape in which his young folk floated as if on wings, thinking busily of the improvements which were still necessary in the trail and weighing with care the clouds which still lingered upon the tallest summits, as if debating whether to go or to stay. He had never been an imaginative soul, and now that age had somewhat dimmed his eyes and blunted his senses he was placidly content with his path. The rapture of the lover, the song of the poet, had long since abandoned his heart. And yet he was not completely oblivious. To him it was a nice day, but a "weather breeder."

"I wonder if I shall ever ride through this mountain world as unmoved as he seems to be?" Norcross asked himself after some jarring prosaic remark from his chief. "I am glad Berrie responds to it."

At last they left these lower, wondrous forest aisles and entered the unbroken cloak of firs whose dark and silent deeps had a stern beauty all their own.

The horses began to labor with roaring breath. A dozen times he thought "We must be nearly at the top," and then other and far higher ridges suddenly developed. Occasionally the supervisor was forced to unsling an ax and chop his way through a fallen tree, and each time the student hurried to the spot, ready to aid, but was quite useless.

"One of the first essentials of a ranger's training is to learn to swing an ax," remarked McFarlane, "and you never want to be without a real tool! I won't stand for a hatchet ranger."

The sky was overshadowed now and a thin drizzle of rain filled the air. The novice hastened to throw his raincoat over his shoulders, but McFarlane rode steadily on, clad only in his shirt sleeves, unmindful of the wet. Berrie, however, approved Wayland's caution. "That's right; keep dry," she called back. "Don't pay attention to father, he'd rather get soaked any day than unroll his slicker. You mustn't take him for a model yet awhile."

He no longer resented her sweet solicitude, although he considered himself unentitled to it, and he rejoiced under the shelter of his fine new coat. He began to perceive that one could be defended against a storm.

After passing two depressing marshes, they came to a hillside so steep, so slippery, so dark, so forbidding, that one of the pack horses balked, shook his head and reared furiously, as if to say, "I can't do it, and I won't try." And Wayland sympathized with him. The forest was gloomy and cold and apparently endless.

After coaxing him for a time with admirable gentleness the supervisor, at Berrie's suggestion, shifted part of the load to her own saddle horse, and they went on.

Wayland, though incapable of comment, so great was the demand upon his lungs, was not too tired to admire the power and resolution of the girl, who seemed not to suffer any special inconvenience from the rarefied air. The dryness of his open mouth, the throbbing of his troubled pulse, the roaring of his breath, brought to him with increasing dismay the fact that he had overlooked another phase of

"Don't you wish it would last forever?"

the ranger's job. "I couldn't chop a hole through one of these windfalls in a week," he admitted, as McFarlane's blade again filigreed them from a fallen tree.

He was beginning to be hungry also—he had eaten a very early breakfast—and he fell to wondering just where and when they were to camp, but he endured in silence. "So long as Berrie makes no complaint my mouth is shut," he told himself. "Surely I can stand it if she can." And so struggled on.

Up and up the pathway looped, crossing minute little boggy meadows on whose bottomless ooze the grass shook like a blanket, descending ravines and climbing back to dark and muddy slopes. The forest was dripping, green and silent now—a mysterious menacing jungle.

"I'm glad I'm not riding this pass alone," Wayland said as they paused again for breath.

"So am I," she answered, but her thought was not his. She was happy at the prospect of teaching him how to camp.

At last they reached the ragged edge of timber line, and there, rolling away under the mist, lay the bare, grassy, upward climbing naked neck of the great pass. The wind had grown keener moment by moment, and when they left the storm twisted pines below its breath had a wintry nip. The rain had ceased to fall, but the clouds still hung densely to the loftiest summits. It was a sinister yet beautiful world—a world as silent as a dream, and through the short, thick grass the slender trail ran like a timid serpent.

"Now we're on the divide," called Berea, and as she spoke they seemed to enter upon a boundless Alpine plain of velvet russet grass. "This is the Bear Tooth plateau." Low monuments of loose rock stood on small ledges, as though to mark the course, and in the hollows dark ponds of icy water lay, half surrounded by masses of compact snow.

"This is a stormy place in winter," McFarlane explained. "These piles of stone are mighty valuable in a blizzard. I've crossed this divide in August in snow so thick I could not see a rod."

Half an hour later they began to descend. Wind twisted, storm bleached dwarf pines were first to show, then the firs, then the blue green spruces, and then the sheltering deeps of the undespoiled forest opened, and the roar of a splendid stream was heard. But still the supervisor kept his resolute way, making no promises as to dinner, though his daughter called: "We'd better go into camp at Beaver lake. I hope you're not starved," she called to Wayland.

"But I am," he replied so frankly that she never knew how faint he really was. His knees were trembling with weakness, and he stumbled dangerously as he trod the loose rocks in the path.

They were all afoot now descending swiftly, and the horses romped down the trail with the scent of water, so that in less than an hour from timber line they were back into the sunshine of the lower valley, and at 3 o'clock or thereabouts they came out upon the bank of a exquisite lake, and with a cheery shout McFarlane called out, "Here we are, out of the wilderness!" Then to Wayland, "Well, boy, how did you stand it?"

"Just middling," replied Wayland, reticent from weariness and with joy of their camping place.

With businesslike certitude Berrie unsaddled her horse, turned him loose and lent a skilful hand at removing the packs from the panting animals, while Wayland, willing, but a little uncertain, stood awkwardly about. Under her instruction he collected dead branches of a standing fir, and from these a few cones kindled a blaze, while the supervisor hobbled the horses and set the tent.

One by one the principles of camping were taught by the kindly old rancher, but the hints which the girl gave were quite as valuable, for Wayland was eager to show her that he could be and intended to be a forester of the first class or perish in the attempt.

McFarlane went further and talked freely of the forest and what it meant to the government. "We're all green at the work," he said, "and we old chaps are only holding the fort against the thieves till you youngsters learn how to make the best use of the domain."

Berrie was glowing with happiness. "Let's stay here till the end of the week," she suggested. "I've always wanted to camp on this lake, and now I'm here I want time to study it."

"We'll stay a day or two," said her father, "but I must get over to that ditch survey which is being made at the head of Poplar, and then Moore is coming over to look at some timber on Porcupine."

The young people cut willow rods and went angling at the outlet of the lake with prodigious success. The water rippled with trout, and in half an hour they had all they could use for supper and breakfast, and, behold, even as they were returning with their spoil they met a covey of grouse strolling leisurely down to the lake's edge. "Isn't it a wonderful place?" exclaimed the happy girl. "I wish we could stay a month."

"It's like being on the Swiss Family Robinson's island. I never was more contented," he said fervently. "I wouldn't mind staying here all winter."

"I would!" she laughed. "The snow falls four feet deep up here. It's likely there's snow on the divide this minute, and camping in the snow isn't so funny. Some people got snowed in over at Deep lake last year, and nearly all their horses starved before they could get them out. This is a fierce cold place in winter time."

As the sunset came on the young people again loitered down to the water's edge, and there, seated side by side on a rocky knoll, watched the phantom gold lift from the willows and climb slowly to the cliffs above, while the water deepened in shadow and busy muskrats marked its glossy surface with long silvery lines. Mischievous camp birds peered at the couple from the branches of the pines, uttering satirical comment, while squirrels, frankly insolent, dropped cones upon their heads and barked in saucy glee.

Wayland forgot all the outside world, forgot that he was studying to be a forest ranger, and was alive only to the fact that in this most bewitching place, in the most surrounding hour, he had the companionship of a girl whose eyes sought his with every new phase

Seated Side by Side on a Rocky Knoll.

of the silent and wonderful scene which shifted before their eyes like a noiseless yet prodigious drama.

At last the girl rose. "It is getting dark. I must go back and get supper."

"We don't need any supper," he protested.

"Father does, and you'll be hungry before morning," she retorted, with sure knowledge of men.

He turned from the scene reluctantly, but once at the campfire cheerfully gave his best efforts to the work in hand, seconding Berrie's skill as best he could.

The trout, deliciously crisp, and some potatoes and better cakes made a meal that tempted even his faint appetite, and when the dishes were washed and the towels hung out to dry deep night possessed even the high summit of stately Ptarmigan.

McFarlane then said, "I'll just take a little turn to see that the horses are all right, and then I think we'd better close in for the night."

When they were alone in the light of the fire Wayland turned to Berrie: "I'm glad you're here. It must be awesome to camp alone in a wilderness, and yet, I suppose, I must learn to do it."

"Yes, the ranger often has to camp alone, ride alone and work alone for weeks at a time," she assured him. "A good trailer don't mind a night trip any more than he does a day trip, or if he does he never admits it. Rain, snow, darkness, are all the same to him. Most of the boys are fifteen to forty miles from the postoffice."

He smiled ruefully. "I begin to have new doubts about this ranger business. It's a little more vigorous than I thought it was. Suppose a fellow breaks a leg on one of those high trails?"

"He mustn't!" she hastened to say. "He can't afford really to take reckless chances; but, then, father won't expect as much of you as he does of the old stagers. You'll have plenty of time to get used to it."

McFarlane upon his return gave some advice relating to the care of horses. "All this stock which is accustomed to a barn or a pasture will quit you," he warned. "Watch your broncho. Put them on the outward side of your camp when you bed down and pitch your tent near the trail, then you will hear the brutes if they start back. Some men tie their stock all up, but I usually picket my saddle horse and hobble the rest."

It was a delightful hour for schooling, and Wayland would have been content to sit there till morning listening, but the air bit, and at last the supervisor said: "Now you go to bed your-bed? If you have turn in. I shall get you out early tomorrow." As he saw the bed he added: "I see you've laid out a bed of boughs. That shows how experienced you are. We don't do that out here. It's too cold in this climate, and it's too much work. You want to hug the ground—if it's dry."

The weary youth went to his couch with a sense of timorous elation, for he never before slept beneath the open sky.

After the supervisor had rolled himself in the blanket, long after all sounds had ceased in the tent, there still remained for the youth a score of manifold excitations to wakefulness till at last he fell into an uneasy drowse.

CHAPTER VII.

Storm Bound.

WAYLAND was awakened by the mellow voice of his chief calling: "All out! All out! Daylight down the creek!" Then, breathing a prayer of thankfulness, the boy sat up and looked about him. The long night is over at last, and I am alive," he said and congratulated himself.

"How did you sleep?" asked the supervisor.

"First rate—at least during the latter part of the night," Wayland briskly lied.

"That's good. I was afraid that Adirondack bed of yours might let the white wolf in."

"My blankets did seem a trifle thin," confessed Norcross.

"It doesn't pay to sleep cold," the supervisor went on. "A man wants to wake up refreshed, not tired out with fighting the night wind and frost. I always carry a good bed."

It was instructive to see how quietly and methodically the old mountaineer went about his task of getting breakfast. First he cut and laid a couple of eight inch logs on either side of the fire, so that the wind drew through them properly; then, placing the Dutch oven over on the fire, he laid the bottom part where the flames touched it. Next he filled his coffeepot with water and set it on the coals. From his pannier he took his dishes and the flour and salt and pepper, arranging them all within reach, and at last laid some slices of bacon in the skillet.

At this stage of the work a smothered cry, half yawn, half complaint, came from the tent. "Oh, hum! Is it morning?" inquired Berrie.

"Morning," replied her father, "It's going toward noon. You get up or you'll have no breakfast."

Thereupon Wayland called: "Can I get you anything, dear Berrie? Would you like some warm water?"

"What for?" interposed McFarlane before the girl could reply.

"To bathe in," replied the youth.

"To bathe in!" the daughter of mine should ask for warm water to wash with I'd throw her in the creek."

Berrie chuckled. "Sometimes I think daddy has no feeling for me. I reckon he thinks I'm a boy."

"Hot water is debilitating and very bad for the complexion," retorted her father. "Ice cold water is what you need. And if you don't get out o' there in five minutes I'll douse you with a dipperful."

This reminded Wayland that he had not yet made his own toilet, and, seizing soap, towel and brushes, he hurried away down the beach, where he came face to face with the dawn. The splendor of it smote him full in the eyes. From the waveless surface of the water a spectral mist was rising, a light veil, through which the stupendous cliffs loomed 3,000 feet in height, darkly shadowed, dim and far. The willows along the western marge burned as if dipped in liquid gold, and on the lofty crags the sun's coming created keen edged shadows, violet as ink. Truly life here in this business was not so bad after all. It had its compensations.

Back at the campfire he found Berrie at work, glowing, vigorous, laughing. Her comradeship with her father was very charming, and at the moment she was rallying him on his method of bread mixing. "You should rub the lard into the flour," she said. "Don't be afraid to get your hands into it—after they are clean. You can't mix bread with a spoon."

"Sis, I made camp bread for twenty years afore you were born."

"It's a wonder you lived to tell of it," she retorted, and took the pan away from him. "That's another thing you must learn," she said to Wayland. "You must know how to make bread. You can't expect to find bakeshops or ranchers along the way."

In the heat of the fire, in the charm of the girl's presence, the young man forgot the discomforts of the night, and, as they sat at breakfast and the sun rising over the high summits flooded them with warmth and good cheer and the frost melted like magic from the tent, the experience had all the satisfying elements of a picnic. It seemed that nothing remained to do. But McFarlane said, "Well, now you youngsters wash up and pack, while I reconnoiter the stock." And with his saddle and bridle on his shoulder he went away down the trail.

Under Berrie's direction Wayland worked busily putting the camp equipment in proper parcels, taking no special thought of time till the tent was down and folded, the panniers filled and closed and the fire carefully covered. Then the girl said: "I hope the horses haven't been stampeded. There are bears in this valley, and horses are afraid of bears. Father ought to have been back before this. I hope they haven't quit us."

"Shall I go and see?"

"No, he'll bring 'em if they're in the land of the living. He picketed his saddle horse, so he's not afoot. Nobody can teach him anything about trailing horses, and, besides, you might get lost. You'd better keep close to camp."

Thereupon Wayland put aside all responsibility. "Let's see if we can catch some more fish," he urged.

To this she agreed, and together they went again to the outlet of the lake. There the trout could be seen darting to and fro on the clear, dark flood, and there cast their flies till they had secured ten good sized fish.

"We'll stop now," declared the girl. "I don't believe in being wasteful."

Once more at the camp they prepared the fish for the pan.

As they were unpacking the panniers and getting out the dishes for their meal thunder broke from the high crags above the lake, and the girl called out:

"Quick! It's going to rain! We must reset the tent and get things under cover."

Once more he was put to shame by the decision, the skill and the strength with which she went about re-establishing the camp. She led, he followed in every action. In ten minutes the canvas was up, the beds rolled, the panniers protected, the food stored safely. But they were none too soon, for the thick gray veil of rain which had clothed the loftiest crags for half an hour swung out over the water, leaden gray under its folds, and with a roar which began in the tall pines, a roar which deepened, hushed only when the thunder crashed resoundingly from crag to crest, the tempest fell upon the camp and the world of sun and odorous pine vanished almost instantly, and a dark, threatening and forbidding world took its place.

But the young people, huddled close together beneath the tent, would have enjoyed the change had it not been for the thought of the supervisor. "I hope he took his slicker," the girl said between the roaring, ripping flashes of the lightning. "It's raining hard up there."

"How quickly it came. Who would have thought it could rain like this after so beautiful a morning?"

"It always storms in the mountains," she responded with the sententious air of her father. "You never can tell what the sky is going to do up here. It is probably snowing on the high divide. Looks now as though those cayuses pulled out some time in the night and have hit the trail for home. That's the trouble with stall fed stock. They'll quit you any time they feel cold and hungry. Here comes the hail!" she shouted as a sharper, more spiteful roar sounded far away and approaching. "Now keep from under!"

"What will your father do?" he called.

"Don't worry about him. He's at home any place there's a tree. He's probably under a balsam somewhere, waiting for this ice to spill out. The only point is, they may get over the divide, and if they do it will be slippery coming back."

For the first time the thought that the supervisor might not be able to return entered Wayland's mind, but he said nothing of his fear.

The hail soon changed to snow, great, clinging, downy, soft, slow moving flakes, and with their coming the roar died away and the forest became as silent as a grave of bronze. Nothing moved save the thick falling, feathery, frozen vapor, and the world was again very beautiful and very mysterious.

"We must keep the fire going," warned the girl. "It will be hard to start after this soaking."

He threw upon the fire all of the wood which lay near, and Berrie, taking the ax, went to the big fir and began to chop off the dry branches which hung beneath, working almost as effectively as a man. Wayland insisted on taking a turn with the tool, but his efforts were so awkward that she laughed and took it away again. "You'll have to take lessons in swinging an ax," she said. "That's part of the job."

Gradually the storm lightened, the snow changed back into rain and finally to cold mist on the heights the clouds still rolled coldly, and through their openings the white glimmer of

"You'll have to take lessons in swinging an ax," she said. "That's part of the job."

sunshine. "It's all in the trip," said Berrie. "You have to take the weather as it comes on the trail." As the storm lessened she resumed the business of

(Continued on page 5)

GET IT AT
WALLACE'S

Pa's Son-in-Law

BUT—I'VE ALWAYS HAD MY BREAK-FAWST IN BED, OLD CHAP!
YEAH? WELL—THINGS HAVE CHANGED 'ROUND THIS SHACK, I NOW SAY! I'M BOSS INSTEAD O' MA, YOU'LL GET UP TO YOUR BREAKFAST OR YOU'LL GET NONE!
SAY—BUT SHE HEAH, FAWTHAH, YOU'LL BE LATE FAH MY WHOLE DAY! WHEN ONE BECOMES ACCUSTOMED TO BEING UP EARLY, IT'S DEVILISH DISPIRITING SHOULD ONE BE OBLIGED TO GET UP TO BREAKFAWST!
MM-M—BAD AS THAT, EH?
AN' SHE'S GOT ME!
OH—FORGIVEN, EH? YOU'D KNOW IF YOU'D KNOW I TRIED IT!
WELL—I'M GOIN' T' CONVERSION, I WILL, BY IT!
WELL! NOW!
FROM NOW ON, YOU SHARE MY BREAKFAST UP T' THE EVERY MORNIN' AT SEVEN SHARP!
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One high grade used piano, in good condition.

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Both High Grade Chargers.

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6 Pairs Earphones at $2.00 a pair.

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WM. M. HOWITT,
Napanee, - Ontario

FRONTENAC-ADDINGTON IS GOING AHEAD

(By W. D. Black, M.L.A., for Frontenac-Addington and Speaker of the Ontario Legislature.)

Our faces are wreathed in smiles for we are residents of Addington and North Frontenac and have had a banner year along practically every line of endeavor. Commerce and Agriculture have flourished greatly, tourist traffic has been large and profitable, money has been easy, roads have been repaired and rebuilt, new roads have been opened, dilapitated bridges have been replaced by cement structures of a permanent character and prospects for 1928 have never appeared brighter.

WONDERFUL RECORD.

Commercial—Under this heading I place the Tourist Traffic, which increased last season about 100% over that of 1926 and has every appearance of duplicating that increase in 1928. It may not be generally known that in the district referred to there are at least one thousand lakes of over a mile in length. These lakes are stocked with fish and their shores afford ideal sites for camps and summer homes. Excellent hotel accommodation already exists at Bon Echo, Myers Cave, Salmon Resort, Sharbot Lake, Parham, Tichborne, Crotch Lake, etc. At Loon Lake alone, during the past summer has been erected or is in course of erection, mostly by people from the United States. Some of of modest dimensions, suitable only for summer occupation, but so alluring has the locality become that one wealthy man has erected a mansion, costing from $65,000 to $75,000, which action on his part will in all probability induce others to follow his lead. All these desirable sites are easy of access either by motor or train. Most of our American friends come in from Prescott, Kingston or Gananoque. The distances are comparatively short when it is realied that a tourist party can leave Auburn, Syracuse and other New York State towns any morning and be in our Mazenau Lake District the same evening. The approach to this district will in the near future be still further improved by the construction of the new Provincial highway leading eastward from Peterboro to Smith's Falls, which will pass through both of our counties. Fishing is always good and deer hunting during the last season proved to be excellent. Practically every hunting party which went into our woods secured their tally of deer, etc., and returned to their homes full of gratification for the sport provided for them and with renewed promises to return in greater numbers in 1928.

FARMERS DID WELL.

Agriculture — Mixed farming and Dairying are the staple agricultural activities of Addington and North Frontenac and farmers generally had a very successful year in every branch with perhaps the single exception of hogs. High beef prices have been retained but the returns from hogs have, in view of the high cost of feed, been disastrous to the farmers and many breeding sows are being disposed of. Sheep are being raised in ever increasing numbers in these counties as in Ontario generally, leading to the conclusion that the financial results are satisfactory. Dairying is followed very extensively. There are fifteen to twenty cheese factories in the Riding of Addington, which are supplied by the farmers within a radius of about five miles, all of which have been fully and successfully operated. Creameries in any number of three or four are also working to capacity, the supplies for which are gathered from the farmers by motor trucks. There is also in successful operation a condensory at Sydenham.

Fur farming is an industry which has recently been introduced to this district. Several Silver and Cross fox farms have commenced operations as well as some Muskrat farms. The innumerable lakes and streams of this district indicate ideal conditions for the latter industry and it is evident that "Rat farming" is only in its infancy, for it is well known that pelts from rats trapped in these counties fetch comparatively high prices.

THINNING OF FUTURE.

Forestry—Not only is thought given to the present, but the future lumber wants of the Province are being provided for. In these two counties is situated the Eastern Forest Reserve established by the Provincial Government. This Reserve covers an area of 450 square miles. Much reforestation has already been done and an adequate force of fire rangers appointed by the Provincial Government is maintained every summer. Should this immense tract of white pine be preserved from fires for the next thirty or forty years, its worth to the Province will be almost inestimable.

We, who are residents of Addington and North Frontenac, have prospered during 1927, we are happy, satisfied with our accomplishments and look to the future with optimism. We have an excellent farming country, we have a tourist paradise rivalling and we believe in many respects surpassing, Muskoka; we are constantly improving our roads and providing permanent bridges to facilitate travel; we are maintaining our hunting attractions on land and our fishing in lakes and streams; we are blest with a wide-awake progressive population aided by a government of enlightened representatives whose sole aim is to preserve and increase the sources of livelihood which the inhabitants now enjoy. —Whig-Standard.

STOP THAT!

"There's something wrong, this gear-shift doesn't work."

"That isn't the gear-shift, Jack it's—er—it's my knee."—Life.

LEAVE IT TO THEM.

"I can't marry him, mother. He's an atheist, and doesn't believe there's a hell."

"Marry him, my dear, and between us we'll convince him that he's wrong."

GRACE UNITED CHURCH

REV. W. P. WOODGER, B.A., Minister.

9.30—Class meeting.
10.30 a.m.—Public Worship. Sermon—Series on the Lord's Prayer: "Thy Will be done on Earth as it is in Heaven."
11.45 a.m.—Sunday School and Adult Classes.
7 p.m.—Public Worship. Sermon: "The God Jesus Knew."
Monday 7.30 p.m.—Young People's League. Debate, "Resolved that it is possible for the country church to exercise a greater influence than the town or city church."
Wednesday, 7.30 p.m.—Bible Study and Prayer Meeting.

Visitors cordially invited to all services.

Wanted.

Clothes cleaned and pressed at the house, Bridge street, East. 7-cp A. S. HAMILTON.

Maple Leaf Institute.

The Maple Leaf Women's-Institute will hold their regular monthly meeting on Thursday, Feb. 9th, at the home of Mrs. Ray Perry, at one p.m. Paper on St. Valentine by Mrs. John Chambers. All members please bring thimbles and needles as there is to be a quilting. Roll Call, "Ways of Helping Children form Habits of Courtesy." Please note the change in time of meeting.

Election of Officers.

The annual election of officers of Grace Sunday school was held on Wednesday night, there being a fairly representative gathering of members present. The school has just completed a splendid year, the average attendance being well up to former years and the givings the largest in years. The school adopted the envelope system last May, with the result that the givings increased over 50%. The following were chosen to guide the destinies of the school for 1928: Superintendent, Mr. F. L. Hooper; Card Secretary, Mr. R. C. Root; Secretary, Mr. B. M. Black; Treasurer, Mr. Wilfred Smith; Missionary Secretary, Mr. H. C. Garratt; Pianist, Mrs. B. M. Black.

See it at Wonderland.

There's going to be a funny play, a slapstick, get-the-money play, a dancing play, entrancing play, with gorgeous gowns galore. A badinage and banter play, a kidding, Eddie Cantor play, a who's-that-dandy-I-sent-you-with, wise-cracking kind of show. 'Twill be produced at Wonderland, you'll laugh at it to beat the band, this biting play, exciting play, with girls all in a row. Detecative and villian bad, and city maids and country lad, named Karon Slick from Punkin Crick, who loves to make a dicker. So watch the date and keep it free, and come with all of Napanee to see that spiffy did comedy, that we have named the "SLICKERS." By the Community Players, at Wonderland Theatre, Wednesday, February 15th.

Amateur Dramatics.

During the past few months, a group of Napanee's most capable players, have organized a company for the purpose of producing amateur theatrical performances of a high grade order. They have been working on a rather extensive repertoire, and will be ready with their first show in a few days now. They include such favorite performers as Mary McGrath, whose singing is always a delight, and Margaret Church, liked for her excellent character delineations, Dorothy Scott whose work as a comedienne was the talk of the town in "Let's Go," Joe Marshall, who will play both comedy and character parts, Gerald Gleeson, who has had no much experience in that line, Grant Paul, another all round performer, and several others, under the direction of Mrs. Katherine Powell. Their first production, "Slickers," will be seen at Wonderland Theatre on the fifteenth of this month, after which they will be available for out of town engagements. Any organization in the district, who wish to raise money for charitable or other purposes, will do well to get in touch with the directors of the Community Players.

Chas. Stevens Eighty Years Young.

The many friends and citizens generally are pleased to extend hearty greetings to Mr. Chas. Stevens, who reached the eighty-tenth mile-stone of his life on Sunday. Mr. Stevens was born at Lambeth, England, in 1848, and came to Canada at the age of eighteen years. For some years he followed the vocation of sailing, and was the author of a very widely read book on the history of his life. He has made an admirable imitation for himself in Canada and the United States, as a producer and exporter of one of the best fertilizers on the market, known as "Canada Unleached Hardwood Ashes." Mr. Stevens, although he has reached and passed the four score mark, is hale and hearty. For many years he took a keen interest in municipal affairs, and served with much credit to himself and the town upon the Council Board, also as Mayor. He is actively associated with Grace United Church, and is and has been for a good many years, a member of the Official Board. The family circle was scattered, one daughter, Mrs. R. C. Root, linv,ing in Napanee; three daughters, Misses Ada, Myrtle and Marion in Toronto; one son, Chas. in Peterboro; and two sons, Chas. and William, residing in the United States. As was his usual custom he attended his class in Sunday School Sunday and delighted those present with a well-rendered vocal solo. His many friends in town and throughout the district with for him many more years of useful life.

If you want results use the Classified Adv. Column in The Napanee Express.

SALVATION ARMY

Ensign and Mrs. Howe, Commanding Officers.

"Bigger and Better" Campaign. Special Services:
Saturday, 8 p.m.
Sunday, 11 a.m. and 7.30 p.m.
Monday 8 p.m.
Conducted by Feild Major Brace. Everybody welcome.

BAY CIRCUIT

Rev. R. J. Merriam, Pastor

Anderson Church: Sunday School 10 a.m.; Public Worship, 11 a.m.
Sand Hill Church: Public Worship 2.30 p.m.
Greina Church: Public Worship 7.30 p.m.

S. MARY MAGDALENE CHURCH

Rev. R. J. Dumbrille, Vicar.

Services of S. Mary Magdalene Church:

Services for Sunday, Feb. 12th.
10.30 a.m.—Holy Communion and sermon.
7.00—Evensong and sermon.

Napanee Women's Institute.

The regular meeting of the N. W.I. will be held on Feb. 14th, in the usual place, at the usual hour, 2.30 p.m. The feature of the afternoon will be an address, "Flowers." Roll Call—Hot Supper Dishes.

Colebrook Ladies' Aid.

The regular monthly meeting of Colebrook Ladies' Aid was held at the home of Mrs. George Curl on February 1st, with a large number in attendance. The president, Mrs. E. Purcell, conducted the meeting. The ladies decided to hold their oyster supper at the home of Mrs I. Salisbury. A paper on Ederland's donations was given by Miss F. Purcell. The March meeting is to be held at the home of Mrs. H. Curran. The meeting closed with the Mizpah benediction.

Denbigh Ladies' Aid.

The Denbigh Ladies' Aid held its monthly meeting on Friday, Jan. 27th, at the home of Mrs. K. G. Adams and spent a very profitable and enjoyable afternoon. The meeting opened promptly at 2 p.m. Mrs. K. G. Adams very ably acted as chairman, owing to the absence of Mrs. P. A. Scott, also the vice-president, Mrs. D. Green. A hymn was sung as an opening, and all repeated the Lord's Prayer. A fair number of members were present and a new member, Mrs. Lorne Thompson, was added to the list, also a visitor, Miss B. Stein. Several articles of sewing were planned and begun. The next meeting, on February 24th, will be held at the home of Mrs. (Dr.) Joseph Adams. At the close of the meeting light refreshments were served and a hearty vote of thanks was given the hostess.

Organ Recital, Musical Treat.

The following remarks are taken from "The Oshawa Daily Times," of January 30th.:—

"Every seat in the church auditorium and adjoining Sunday School rooms filled, and members of the congregation occupying available seats in the choir loft, was the reception given last evening at Prof. W. T. Baird, A.R.C.O., of Napanee, who presided at the organ of King street church both morning and evening and gave a half-hour recital previous to the evening service. Prof Baird has for a number of years been organist of Trinity United Church, Napanee, and while he was in this city yesterday, Mr. H. C. Trenteer, organist of King Street Church, was conducting the musical service of the Napanee church. The recital preceeding the evening service commenced at 6.30 and soon the church was filled to capacity, even Sunday school classrooms and three empty seats in the choir loft being filled. Introducing such old favorites as "The Rosary," "Homeresque," and the "Overture from William Tell," together with several of the newer compositions, Mr. Baird held his audience at times spellbound in the world of sound to which he led them."

THE FARMERS' CLUB.

Record of Two Centuries' Unbroken Existence.

The Faversham Farmers' Club in Kent, England, has a record of two centuries' unbroken existence. It was founded on June 21st, 1727.

At first it was decided that there should be no more than twelve members, each to entertain the others to dinner at his house once in twelve months. But this limitation was not adhered to, nor the membership confined to farmers. Many prominent townsmen of the old borough of Faversham were elected, including in the first century between thirty and forty who filled the office of mayor.

The articles of the club were inscribed on parchment and are kept in a silver casket.

One article reads: "Every person to drink what quantity of liquor he pleases (enabling a man to behave himself to wine and not be helped by a neighbor.)"

Another article lays down that: "All bets and wagers (except sixpence at cards) laid in the presence of the club shall be applyed for the good of the club," but this rule has been varied, and all forfeits now go to charitable purposes, notably the Royal Agricultural Benevolent Institution.

World Famine Impossible.

The possibility of a world famine seems very remote when it is taken into consideration that man uses only one two-hundredth of the earth's total yearly food supply.

According to Dr. John M. Arthur, of the Boyce Thompson Institute for Plant Research, all other animal life, big and small, taken together consumes only six times this amount, which leaves a huge yearly surplus of unconsumed food.

TRINITY UNITED CHURCH

Rev. Harry Pawson, Minister.

10.30 a.m.—Public Worship.
11.45—Sunday School.
6.30—Organ recital.
7.00—Evening worship.
Monday, 7.30 p.m.—Young People's Society.
Wednesday, 7.30 p.m.—Bible Class.

Church Anniversary Services, March 4th. Preacher, Rev. T. W. Neal, B.D., of Toronto. Soloist, Mrs. Nellie Lentry, of Toronto, gold medalist of Toronto Exhibition, 1920, pupil of Mrs. Hope Morgan, Toronto.

GAINING IN PHYSIQUE

English Children Are Healthier, Taller and Heavier Than a Few Years Ago.

England is breeding a stronger, larger, and better future generation than at any previous stage in its history.

Definite evidence to that effect is set out by Sir George Newman, chief medical officer to the Board of Education, in his annual report.

He bases his conclusions on a long series of tests carried out by the medical officers of eduentional authorities throughout the country. Children attending elementary schools provide the basis for the tests. The physical results recorded by them, however, are substantiated by examination of boys and girls at secondary and public schools. The average mental alertness of children, too, is higher than that of a decade ago.

"The English child is growing in stature and in weight," declares Sir George Newman.

Boys and girls aged eight and twelve at Chatham have increased in weight by an average of three pounds between 1915 and 1926, and the average increase in girls aged twelve has been six pounds. Eight-year-old children at Torquay — comparing 1914 with 1926—have increased one and a half inches in height and two pounds in weight.

There has been a steady improvement in the height and weight in towns as widely different as Cambridge and Liverpool. The boys and girls leaving school in Liverpool have shown the most marked improvement. The increase in weight and height at industrial places, such as Tynemouth and Wallsend, has been particularly striking.

London shows the same good record as the provinces. An equiry was made in respect of 20,000 London children. They showed a definite rise in the height and weight figures compared with the pre-war standard.

There were further collateral experiments. Medical examinations were made of 31,301 boys and of 31,749 girls leaving school, and it was found that only four to five per cent. showed malnutrition, compared with 14 per cent. in 1913; and 28 per cent. had defective teeth, as against 42 per cent. in 1913.

Interesting comparisons are made by Sir George Newman between characteristics revealed by photographs of children taken in London to-day and photographs of 1894. These give the following differences:

Clothing, neatness, cleanliness, alertness, and "address" of the children in 1928 are every way superior to those of 1894.

The posture of the body, carriage and stance of modern children is better than in 1894.

Children of 1894 look neglected, uncared for, and unhappy. Children of to-day look the reverse.

"Mouth breathing" is shown in the 1894 children, but not with the 1927 children.

The character and position of the hands of the 1894 children are very striking and instructive — meaningless, untrained, and undisciplined. They are visibly different from the children's hands of to-day.

FRANKISH GRAVES FOUND.

Archaeological Discovery of Fifth Century Period.

An important archaeological find, throwing light on the little known period following the withdrawal of the Roman legions from the German frontier early in the fifth century, has been made by Dr. Fritz Fremersdorf, of the Wallroff-Richardts Museum at Cologne, says Science Service. It consists of an ancient Frankish graveyard, which was discovered during excavations in an athletic part in one of the suburbs of the city.

The first thirty-five burials have been uncovered, consisting of skeletons of both men and women. The latter have articles of household gear about them, but in the case of people with their warriors' weapons. These consist for the most part of the typical Frankish battle-axe, the long sword and the lance. One skeleton has the head of a long lance beside its right foot, and on the left side extending from shoulder to knee, was the blade of a magnificent sword.

WORKS HARD, DANCES GAINS 3 LBS. A WEEK

"I work hard, dance, and have gained 3 pounds a week since taking Vinol. My nervousness is almost all gone."—Mrs. E. F. Lang.

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The Great English Preparation.
Tones and invigorates the whole nervous system, makes new Blood in old Veins. Cures for Nervous Debility, Mental and Brain Worry, Despondency, Loss of Energy, Palpitation of the Heart, Failing Memory. Price $1 per box, for $5 @ Sold by all druggists, or mailed in plain pkg. on receipt of price. Pamphlet mailed free. THE WOOD MEDICINE CO. TORONTO, ONT.

WONDERLAND

WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY
Ken Maynard in his newest Western picture "GUN GOSPEL."
Also a good comedy.

Special for Wednesday and Thursday.
Jack F. Elder and his Scotch company in all the latest Scotch songs and comedy.

FRIDAY and SATURDAY
Bringing to the screen a vivid picture of life in the Canadian North Woods "FLAMING FURY," F. B. O.'s newest 6-or picture.
Also a two reel comedy.

MONDAY and TUESDAY
One Show only at 8 o'clock.
Lon Chaney, whose portrayals of cripples and weird characters have been the talk of the world, veers to the other extreme, and physically at least, gives the public a glimpse of the real Lon Chaney, trained athlete and sportsman, in "TELL IT TO THE MARINES."
Also a special comedy.

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Napanee's Leading Theatre
The Home of Good Photo Plays.

A small Ad. in the "Want" column in the Napanee Express will bring results.

A Week of Bargains
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Our Special Prices in our New Location will continue until Saturday, Feb. 11th

Come and share in the Special Values

Our New Location — *Formerly occupied by Knight's Drug Store*

A copy of our Circular will show you the Wonderful Values.

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A STANDARD Bank savings account lends dignity to the transactions of the depositor. It identifies him with an organization that is known and respected in the community, and establishes a contact which is invaluable should he at any time desire counsel or advice on money matters. Open a Standard Bank savings account. It will help you to develop your financial resources as nothing else can, and enable you to conduct your personal financial affairs with dignity.

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Did You Ever Stop to Think

—Just what a ten dollar bill which a farmer spends in his home town may accomplish? Let us follow it around. Probably the dry goods merchant gets it first. He passes it on to the hardware merchant in payment of an account. The hardware merchant pays it in wages to one of his employees. This employee pays it to his landlady, who pays a grocery bill with it. The grocer can then pay his butcher. The butcher passes this on to his produce merchant, and this produce merchant, buying largely from the farmer, passes this ten dollars back to the farmer, from whom it originally came. Thus it has, in its ramblings among the home town people served many useful purposes and yet it is still in the community to again serve.

If Sent Away to Distant Merchants

—That ten dollar bill is gone for good. It may serve to build up the large city elsewhere. But so far as the home community is concerned its usefulness is at an end, and the community has been drained of just that much working capital.

When in Need of Printing

—Remember that orders left with your home town printer will serve to pay wages of workmen who in turn spend this money with local business houses, thus serving to maintain that round of business which is necessary in order that rural towns throughout Canada may flourish and prosper.

The Napanee Express
Printing House

Issued by the Canadian Weekly Newspaper Association
313 Manning Chambers, Toronto.

THE FORESTER'S DAUGHTER

A Romance of the Bear Tooth Range

By HAMLIN GARLAND

Copyright, 1914, by Hamlin Garland

amid the falling flakes intent upon heaping up wood enough to last out the night, she became solicitous.

"You will be soaked," she warningly cried. "Don't stay out any more. Come to the fire. I'll bring in the wood."

Something primeval, some strength he did not know he possessed sustained him, and he toiled on. "Suppose this snow keeps falling?" he retorted. "The supervisor will not be able to get back tonight—perhaps not for a couple of nights. We will need a lot of fuel."

He did not voice the fear of the storm which filled his thought, but the girl understood it. "It won't be very cold," she calmly replied. "It never is during these early blizzards, and, besides, all we have to do is to drop down the trail ten miles, and we'll be entirely out of it."

"I'll feel safer with plenty of wood," he argued, but soon found it necessary to rest from his labors. Returning to camp, he seated himself beside her on a roll of blankets, and so together they tended the fire and watched the darkness roll over the lake till the shining crystals seemed to drop from a measureless black arch, soundless and oppressive.

"What time is it now?" she asked abruptly.

He looked at his watch. "Half after 8."

"If father isn't on this side of the divide now he won't try to cross. If he's coming down the slope he'll be here in an hour, although that trail is a tolerably tough proposition this minute. A patch of dead timber on a dark night is sure a nuisance even to a good man. He may not make it."

"Couldn't I rig up a torch and go to meet him?"

She put her hand on his arm. "You stay right here!" she commanded. "You couldn't follow that trail five minutes."

"You have a very poor opinion of my skill."

"No, I haven't; but I know how hard it is to keep direction on a night like this, and I don't want you wandering around in the dark. Father can take care of himself. He's probably sitting under a big tree smoking his pipe before his fire—or else he's at home. He knows we're all right, and we are. We have wood and grub and plenty of blankets and a roof over us. You can make your bed under this fly," she said, looking up at the canvas. "It beats the old balsam as a roof. You haven't slept cold again."

"I think I'd better sit up and keep the fire going," he replied heroically. "There's a big log out there that I'm going to bring in to roll up on the windward side."

"It'll be cold and wet early in the morning, and I don't like to hunt kindling in the snow," she said. "I always get everything ready the night before. I wish you had a better bed. It seems selfish of me to send you out there while you are cold."

Chapter XI.

The Waits in the Rain.

ONE by one, under her supervision, he made preparations for morning. He cut some dry kindlings from a dead, dry branch of fir and put them under the fly and brought a bucket of water from the creek, and then together they dragged up the dead tree.

Had the young man been other than he was, the girl's purity, candor and self reliance would have conquered him, and when she withdrew to the little tent and let fall the frail barrier between them she was as safe from intrusion as if she had taken refuge behind gates of triple brass. Nothing in all his life had moved him so deeply as her solicitude, her sweet trust in his honor, and he sat long in profound meditation. Any man would be rich in the ownership of her love he admitted. That he possessed her pity and her friendship he knew, and he began to wonder if he had made a deeper appeal to her than this.

"Can it be that I am really a man to her," he thought, "I who am only a poor wrestling whom the rain and snow can appall?"

Then he thought of the effect of this night upon her life. What would Clifford Belden do now? To what deeps would his rage descend if he should come to know of it?

Berrie was serene. Twice she spoke from her couch to say: "You'd better go to bed. Daddy can't get here till tomorrow now."

"I'll stay up awhile yet. My boots aren't entirely dried out."

After a silence she said: "You must not get chilled. Bring your bed into the tent. There is room for you."

"Oh, no, that isn't necessary. I'm standing it very well."

"You'll be sick!" she urged, in a voice of alarm. "Please drag your bed in side the door. What would I do if you should have pneumonia tomorrow? You must not take any risk of a fever."

The thought of a sheltered spot, of something to break the remorseless wind, overcame his scruples, and he threw his bed inside the tent and rearranged it there.

"You're half frozen," she said. "Your teeth are chattering."

"I'll be all right in a few moments," he said. "Please go to sleep. I shall be snug as a bug in a minute."

She watched his shadowy motions from her bed, and when at last he had nestled into his blankets she said, "If you don't lose your child I'll beat a rock and put it at your feet."

He was ready to cry out in shame of his weakness, but he lay silent till he could command his voice, then he said: "That would drive me from the country in disgrace. Think of what the fellows down below will say when they know of my cold feet!"

"They won't hear of it, and, besides, it is better to carry a cold than a worse hurt than to be laid up with a fever."

Her anxiety lessened as his voice resumed its pleasant tenor flow. "Dear girl," he said, "no one could have been sweeter—more like a guardian angel to me. Don't place me under any greater obligation. Go to sleep. I am better—much better now."

She did not speak for a few moments, then in a voice that conveyed to him a knowledge that her sense of embarrassment had deeply moved her she softly said, "Good night."

He heard her sigh drowsily there after one or two, and then she slept, and her slumber welcome slowly, an sense of guardianship, of responsibility. Lying there in the shelter of her tent, the whole situation seemed simple, innocent and poetic. But looked at from the standpoint of Clifford Belden it held an accusation.

"It cannot be helped," he said. "The only thing we can do is to conceal the fact that we spent the night beneath this tent fabric."

In the belief that the way would clear with the dawn, he, too, fell asleep, while the fire sputtered and smudged in the fitful mountain wind.

The second storm came slowly, as though crippled by the storm and waited back by the clouds.

With a dull ache in his bones, Way land crept out to the fire and set to work framing the coals with his hat, as he had seen the supervisor do. He worked desperately till one of the embers began to angrily sparkle and to smoke. Then, slipping away out of earshot, he broke an armful of dry branches to heap above the wet, charred logs. Soon these twigs broke into flame, and Berrie, awakened by the crackle of the pine branches, called out, "Is it daylight?"

"Yes, but it's very dark daylight. Don't leave your warm bed for the dampness and cold out here. Stay where you are. I'll get breakfast."

"How are you this morning? Did you sleep?"

"Fine!"

"I'm afraid you had a bad night," she insisted, in a tone which indicated her knowledge of his suffering.

"Camp life has its disadvantages," he admitted, as he put the coffee pot on the fire. "But I'm feeling better now. I have gone tried a bird in my life, but I'm going to try it this morning. I have seen water heating for your bath." He put the soap, towel and basin of hot water just inside the tent flap. "Here it is. I'm going to bathe in the lake. I must show my hardihood."

When he returned he found the girl full dressed, alert and glowing, but she greeted him with a touch of shyness and self consciousness new to her, and her eyes veiled themselves before his glance.

"Now, where do you suppose the supervisor is?" he asked.

"I hope he's at home," she replied, quite serious. "I don't hate to think of him camped in the high country without bedding or tent."

"Oughtn't I go take a turn up the trail and see? I feel guilty, somehow I must do something."

"You can't help matters any by losing almost in the attempt. No, we'll just hold the fort till he comes. That's what he'll expect us to do."

He submitted once more to the force of her argument, and they ate breakfast in such intimacy and good cheer that the night's discomforts and anxieties counted for little

"We have to camp here again tonight," she explained demurely.

"Worse things could happen than that," he gallantly replied. "I wouldn't mind a month of it, only I shouldn't want it to rain or snow all the time."

"Poor boy! You did suffer, didn't you? I was afraid you would. Did you sleep at all?" she asked tenderly.

"Oh, yes, after I came inside; but, of course, I was more or less restless expecting your father to ride up."

"That's funny. I never feel that way. I slept like a log after I knew you were comfortable. You must have a better bed and more blankets. It's always cold up here."

The sunlight was short lived. The clouds settled over the peaks, and rag ged wisps of vapor dropped down the timbered slopes of the prodigious amphitheater in which the lake lay. Again Berrie made everything snug while her young woodsman toiled at bringing logs for the fire.

At last fully provided for, they sat contentedly side by side under the awning and watched the falling rain as it splashed and sizzled on the sturdy fire. "It's a little like being shipwrecked on a desert island, isn't it?" he said. "As if our boats had drifted away."

At noon she again prepared an elaborate meal. She served potatoes and grouse, hot biscuit with sugar syrup and canned peaches, and he ate as one to just the right color and aroma. He dictated it wonderful, and they ate with repeated wishes that the supervisor might turn up in time to share their feast, but he did not come. Then Berrie said firmly: "Now you must take a snooze. You look tired."

He was in truth not only drowsy, but lame and tired. Therefore he yielded to her suggestion.

She covered him with blankets and put him away like a child. "Now you have a good sleep," she said tenderly. "I'll call you when daddy comes."

When he woke the ground was again covered with snow, and the girl was feeding the fire with wood which her own hands had supplied.

Hearing him stir, she turned and fixed her eyes upon him with clear, soft gaze. "How do you feel by now?" she asked.

"Quite made over," he replied, rising alertly.

His cheer, however, was only pretense. He was really worried. "Something has happened to your father," he said. "His horse has thrown him, or he has slipped and fallen. His need and exhibition were gone. How far is it down to the ranger station?"

"About twelve miles."

"Don't you think we'd better close camp and go down there? It is now 3 o'clock. We can walk it in five hours."

She shook her head. "No, I think we'd better stay right here. It's a long, hard walk, and the trail is muddy."

"But, dear girl," he began desperately, "it won't do for us to camp here alone in this way another night. What will Cliff say?"

She flamed red, then whitened. "I don't care what Cliff thinks. I'm done with him, and no one that I really care about would blame us." She was fully aware of his anxiety now. "It isn't our fault."

"It will be my fault if I keep you here longer!" he answered. "We must reach a telephone and send word out. Something may have happened to your father."

"I'm not worried a bit about him. It may be that there's been a big snowfall up above us, or else a windstorm. The trail may be blocked, but don't worry. He may have to go round by Lost Lake pass." She pondered a moment: "I reckon you're right. We'd better pack up and rack down the trail to the ranger's cabin—not on account, but on yours. I'm afraid you've taken cold."

"I'm all right, except I'm very lame, but I am anxious to go on. By the way, is this ranger Settle married?"

"No; his station is one of the lonesomest cabins on the forest. No woman will stay there."

This made Wayland ponder. "Nevertheless," he decided, "we'll go. After all, the man is a fellow officer, and you are the supervisor's daughter."

She made no further protest, but busied herself closing the packages and putting away the camp utensils. He noted and recognize that his judgment was sound.

It was after 3 when they left the tent and started down the trail, carrying nothing but a few toilet articles.

He stooped at the edge of the clearing. "Should we have left a note for the supervisor?"

The trees were dripping, the willows heavy with water, and the mud sucked deep in places, but she pushed on steadily, and he, following in her tracks, could only marvel at her strength and sturdy self reliance. The swing of her shoulders, the poise of her head and the lithe movement of her waist made his own body seem a poor thing.

For two hours they zigzagged down a narrow canyon heavily timbered with fir and spruce, a dark, stern scene, crossed by roaring streams and filled with frequent boggy meadows, whereon the water lay midleg deep.

"We'll get out of this very soon," she called cheerily.

By degrees the gorge widened, grew more open, more genial. Aspen thickets of pale gold flashed upon their eyes like sunlight, and grassy bunches afforded firmer footing, but on the slopes their feet slipped and slid painfully until Berea kept her stride. "We must get to the middle fork before dark," she stopped to explain, "for I don't know the trail down there, and there's a lot of down timber just above the station. Now that we're out loose from our camp I feel nervous. As long as I have a tent I am all right, but now we are in the open I worry. How are you standing it?" She studied him with keen and anxious glance, her hand upon his arm.

"I'm as a fiddle," he replied, assuming a spirit he did not possess

She Found Herself Confronted by an Endless Maze of Blackened Tree Trunks.

"but you are marvelous. I thought cowgirls couldn't walk."

"I can do anything when I have to," she replied. "We've got three hours more of it." And she waringly exclaimed, "Look back there!"

They had reached a point from which the ridge could be seen, and, behold, it was covered deep with a seamless robe of new snow.

"That's why dad didn't get back last night. He's probably wallowing along in there this minute." And she set off again with resolute stride Wayland's pale face and labored breath alarmed her. She was filled with love and pity, but she pressed forward desperately.

At last they came to the valley floor, over which a devastating fire had run some years before and which was still covered with fallen trees in desolate confusion. Here the girl made her first mistake. She kept on toward the river, although Wayland called attention to a trail leading to the right up over the low grassy hills. For a mile the path was clear, but she soon found

(Continued on page 6)

ANALYSIS OF REPORT INDICATES COST OF CARRYING ALBERTA COAL CANNOT EXCEED $5.45 PER TON

Freight Rate Obstacle in Way of Bringing Alberta Fuel to Ontario is Shown to be No Real Obstacle at All But Actually Only a Pretended One.

PRESENT STALEMATE IS CALL FOR ACTION

Excessive Allowance on Account "Service Freight" is Additional Evidence of Misleading Impression Created by Official Announcement,as to Out-of-Pocket Cost.

This is the fifth of the reports on a special investigation made into the question of a Canadian-produced coal supply for Canadians. It deals almost entirely with domestic fuel since that is the type of coal in which a solution of the problem is, at the moment, of the most vital importance. It has revealed the astonishing fact that transportation costs should not stand between Alberta coal and Ontario markets.' It is quite possible to carry the products of the Western mines here, without loss to the railways, and sell them to householders at reasonable prices.

Why, it may be asked, go to all this trouble and into such intricate details on the general subject of Alberta coal for central Canada and the question of freight rates in particular ?

There are enough answers to this question to occupy the balance of this particular page.

To a foreigner, the situation in Canada must appear ridiculous. Here we are, with an important percentage of the known coal deposits of the entire world lying within our borders and we depend largely upon these but, instead, bring in our coal, to a large extent, from the mines of another nation, carrying it over railways which might quite reasonably be kept here to increase our own prosperity and to speed our industrial development. Fifty-two millions annually, for fuel and freight! Year after year, we calmly ship it away and little, if any of it ever comes back.

Canada is a young country and cursed with a particular variety of inferiority complex particularly her own. We have a lingering suspicion that our own products may not be quite as good as those we can get from somebody else. This, unconsciously perhaps, has had an important effect on the coal question. In a country with a highly-developed national consciousness, this condition of affairs would not be allowed to exist for any extended period without a colossal uproar resulting. Politicians would call upon the high heavens to witness that this was an outrageous situation. The nationalistic press would create of it one of its pet sensations and issue solemn warnings in black type topped by screaming headlines.

SERENE AND UNDISTURBED.

But the bulk of Canadians remain serene and undisturbed. In Ontario, the inferiority complex persists, even though the question of Nova Scotia vs. American domestic coal was threshed out in some thousads of Manitoba cellar and the native fuel won out on merit alone. Ontario, like the rest of Canada, however, seem satisfied to sit back and do nothing as long as they are allowed to write their fuel-time elsewhere and burn imported coal.

How long, however, are they to be allowed to do so? In the last word of American fuel experts, not to many years. Canada has already been warned, twice, by the U. S. Geological Survey officially—that the end is in sight for the Pennsylvania anthracite mines. Fuel experts have also spoken hints that Canadians would be wise to try and make arrangements elsewhere for their winter fuel. Bills have been presented to American legislative bodies intended to prohibit further exploration of anthracite into the Laurentides. So far, they have failed to become law, but they should serve as a good and thoroughly sufficient indication of what is coming within the lifetime of the present generation, according to excellent evidence.

Ontario will eventually find her supplies of American anthracite cut off and that eventuality is by means as far distant as many Canadians suppose. We have had a taste of how serious an affair a real fuel famine would be and no man in his senses is going to wish for a complete demonstration of what would happen. Substitutes, it is true, are being developed rapidly, but it would be a fool hardy proceeding to place our entire hopes on substitutes. The chances that we will not be taken by substitutes sufficiently, within the next twenty years to make anthracite supplies unnecessary are quite as bright as the chance that we are likely to eliminate wheat as a basic article of diet. They are so slim as to be almost negligible.

NOW IS THE TIME

Now, beyond all doubt, is the time for us to get ready to depend on ourselves. The quantity and quality of immediate amount of faith in the kindliness of our neighbors and taking it for granted that they would be glad to help us remaining anthracite with us even though their own needs are likely to exhaust all available Pennsylvania supplies within a few decades.

This year and next and the immediately succeeding years are primarily times for Canadians to get new machinery into working order, to test out and perfect measures for making the most domestic fuel available to ourselves. Within the past few months, much has been accomplished. We have narrowed the problem down till we know exactly what hinders us in the accomplishment of this vitally important objective. We know definitely that the only obstacle is the freight rate and that this obstacle is not more than a few cents per ton.

But what makes the whole situation even more absurd is the fact that, in the light of the final survey of facts, this obstacle is proved to be no real obstacle at all, but actually a pretended one. The solution of this entire question—a national one, since it affects the prosperity of the Dominion and every individual in the Dominion—is delayed because of elementary errors in arithmetic. There is the situation in a nutshell. To Gilbert and Sullivan, it would have been choice material from which to fashion a comic opera.

The Dominion Railway Board, at the request of the Federal Government, investigates the cost of bringing Alberta coal east, and the majority reports that the total actual cost is $7.22 per ton. Analysis of the report reveals mistakes which make it evident that the actual cost cannot exceed $5.45 a ton. Here is where we are at the moment, and it is very plainly a stalemate which is highly ridiculous.

If there were no other reasons —and there are plenty—these would certainly be abundantly proof of the necessity of every Canadian familiarizing himself with the facts and spending much time studying coal and freight rates.

SERVICE FREIGHT

There is one more item in the majority report of the Board of Railway Commissioners which merits attention before concluding this series of investigations, and that is the matter of "service freight."

The meaning of the term is not likely to be understood except by those familiar with railroading, and the first thing to do, therefore, is to define it. Broadly speaking, service freight means the railroad cost cannot exceed freight. It is, of course, carried free and the cost of so doing is charged against the other freight carried but it includes a wide and miscellaneous array of material. Under this heading come the supplies and fuel required in stations and yards all along the line, construction material for such things as new stations, sidings, additional buildings, and so forth. Service freight, too, includes the hauling of empty passenger coaches from point to point and back to another.

Naturally, when considering the cost of coal-carrying, the Railway Board included in the item which was meant to represent the coal share of service freight costs—and rightly so.

But, just as naturally, it might be supposed that the Board would make an effort to find out what additional service freight would have to be added as a result of this new coal traffic and, in order to be fair, seek to discriminate between service freight which would have to be transported anyhow and service freight which would be directly due to coal hauls.

This, however, the Board did not do. The Board accepted the contention of the railways' representatives that, if the coal movement, the items to be hauled and handled free would necessarily be correspondingly increased.

The railways claimed that to move a million tons of coal—which would increase the general freight traffic over that line by the railroad over which the coal was hauled, by 60 per cent.—would, as a matter of course, increase the haulage and handling of service freight by 60 per cent. too, and that the coal would have to pay for it—also that its greater density would cost as much to haul and handle, per ton, as the smaller tonnage in the past.

DOES NOT HOLD UP

This, the Board allowed. The Board of Railway Commissioners, therefore, has officially put itself on record as believing that, if a million tons of Alberta coal are carried to central Canada, there will be sixty per cent. more empty passenger cars to carry the fuel portion of the line, that there will be sixty per cent. more steel to carry for new bridges, and sixty per cent. more rail laid and lying more material for roadbeds, that there will be sixty per cent. more new buildings and bridges in addition to the coal that will be sixty per cent. more fuel to be carried to heat the existing stations along the line and so forth indefinitely. This is clearly a contention which does not hold up under close examination.

Furthermore, the proportion of service freight carried in 1926 was 12.8 per cent. of the entire freight traffic, but on that particular portion of the road over which the coal would travel, it was 15.8 per cent., of the whole. This is due to the fact that, there these divisions are almost entirely throughout, the main through-lines of the road, service freight for the branch lines is carried over them as well as the service freight for main line divisions alone. Obviously, 12.8 per cent. is the outside figure which should have been considered, even allowing a generous feeling toward the railways. But the 15.8 one was the one which was allowed in the estimate.

So we have the Railway Board agreeing that an increase in the freight traffic will involve a corresponding increase in ties, fence posts, telegraph and telephone poles, wire, fencing, signal apparatus and signal towers, shelters, storehouses, stations and new buildings carried as a service freight, that, in the case of the last few items, that it will require more fuel to heat them and more material to repair them than it did in the past and that this increased amount will be exactly the same as the increased percentage of traffic, due to coal, going over the lines. Furthermore, the Board concedes that the coal should pay for all this.

It is a fantastic and absurd position and it means that the $7.22 per ton includes at least 15 cents which can be credited to this fantastic absurdity.

But, they already revealed enough major errors to reduce the figure of $7.22 per ton to $5.45 per ton, we can afford to pass it by after merely noting that it is there and revealing how it got there.

It serves as additional evidence of the misleading impression which has been created by the official announcement that $7.22 per ton was the out-of-pocket cost, and further proof that $7.22 is not.

It also, along with other errors noted in the previous article, demonstrates that, in declaring, on the basis of these investigations, that the actual cost does not exceed $5.45 per ton, there has been no attempt to grind the figure down to the last fraction of a penny and place the railways in a position where an unexpected expense of a few cents more per ton would involve a loss. The roads have been allowed a healthy leaway.

If it had been possible to retail Alberta coal here under a $7.22 freight rate and if this rate had actually gone into effect the Ontario consumer, thanks to the efforts of the Dominion Railway Board, would have been contributing handsomely to the railway industry to the tune of 15 cents per ton of Canadian coal which he put in his cellar and also, indirectly, contributing to the American mine-owner if he bought American fuel at a price which, due to railway rates, did not force the American exporter to lower his price in meeting this new Canadian competition.

The next, and last article, in this series will summarize the whole situation as briefly and completely as possible and also indicate what measures will be taken to bring about the solution which this survey shows is a feasible and satisfactory one.

HEROIC MONKEY MOTHERS

Will Shield Babies From Danger With Their Own Bodies—Died In African Bush Fire.

A traveller, who spent a long period in the African wilds made a special study of monkey life and monkey habits. In an article published in Answers he says that monkeys and baboons are common throughout Africa, always aggravating and at the same time always possessing a fascination and interest all their own.

Sometimes they would occupy the tall trees close to my camp, at dusk, as they camped out for the night, and they reminded me irresistably of a crowd of lazy parties settling down in new lodgings, each with a numerous family of weary, irritable children.

The half an hour of the din would be deafening. Sallying cries from the females; deep grunts of anger or disgust from the males, followed by angry barks and blows as they summarily ejected half-grown, young males, already in possession of the quarters they coveted. Protests from the children, in which defiance and fear were blended in true hobbledehoy manner, then silence, broken only by occasional angry grunts.

Through the night at intervals angry or pleading cries from baby monkeys would be followed by deep, protesting grunts and sharp, staccato orders from the grown blows could be heard, followed by cries of pain.

The peevish, awakened child, the grumpy father, the irritable mother, the lazy, contented lover, all these I reproduced a familiar family picture in this open-air lodging-house. But from midnight to dawn sleep held undisputed sway, the fear of the dark of light, deep rolling notes, of plaintive quality, came in unison from each paterfamilias, and a discordant chorus of the lesser breeds told of departure supervened. It was all very human and very chastening to one's idea of human superiority.

But it was when ethical virtues and that spiritual quality which transforms mere into heroes were revealed that I stood astounded, humbled, and ashamed of my arrogant humanity.

Throughout Africa between May and August bush fires are common They are started by the natives to make hunting and ploughing easier, and to expedite the growth of new pasture. Generally, animals escape them easily; but, with a favorable wind blow them along, such fires are very terrible to the inhabitants of the bush.

One such passed a couple of miles from my camp, in late August, with a gale behind it. Curious to see the results, I walked over to the forest route it had taken. I soon found evidences of many a horrible fate it had brought disaster. Occasionally a bush pig or a snake, here a duiker fawn and there a porcupine had been taken unawares, had been scorched and dead. But within three miles I came upon a most pitiful scene.

First, at intervals, I found the charred bodies of single monkeys—evidently old, sick or youthful members of a troop which had been caught in the forest. Then came the little monkey mothers.

There were four in all. Charred almost to cinders, they crouched head down to the ground, with arms tightly wrapped round their babies at breasts, also—alas! — charred and scorched and dead. Failing to keep up with the troop, their brave little hearts had refused to leave their babies. They had endeavored to shield them from the flames with their own bodies, and so had died.

Man has made the spirit of sacrifice highest amongst his attributes, and to that spirit is due all the achievement, nobility, and heroism in his history. But it rests his claim to immortality and to divine origin. May we not wonder if these humble spirits which had died might not claim kinship with him, a common origin and destiny?

ADVANCED TYPE OF PLANES.

Two Siskin Scout Machines Arrive at Camp Borden.

Fighting planes of a type far in advance of those used in the great war are to be used to train Canadian airmen.

Two of them—Siskin single seater scout machines—have arrived at Camp Borden as the first instalment of a shipment of eight machines ordered by Canada, built in Bristol, England, to be used for the more modern instruction classes at Canada's only air force training camp.

There are two other Siskin planes and four Atlas bombers and co-operation machines yet to come from the British factories.

"These planes," said Wing Commander Croll, "are of a type developed since the war, with more speed and more climbing power than the planes then used."

One In Every Twenty-Six.

Pensions or allowances were being paid out by the Ministry of Pensions at the end of March to about 1,665,000 persons, or one in every twenty-six of the population.

THE HUMAN CLOCK.

Anyone Can Be Trained to Carry the Time In Subconscious Mind.

The "human clock" is the successor to the "human barometer"—the man who can foretell weather by the variety and intensity of his aches and pains.

The human clock is a man or woman who can tell the hour of the day without consulting a timepiece. Dr. Sir Bernard Spilsbury, the pathologist, has not only made a study of this time-sense but has trained himself in the use of it.

"I thought I would help my patients if I could show them that I had developed the time-sense myself," he said. "It is an interesting faculty, that of being able to carry the subconscious mind so that it can keep a record of time, and psychologists have long been aware of it.

"The time-sense is one of which is being able to go to sleep and wake up at the exact time desired. Many people can do this, even though the times are irregular, everybody could do it if he determined to.

"The time-sense that is in everybody's subconscious mind is like a clock. If the mind has a strong enough power it can control the alarm as it likes.

"There are people whose time-sense is so extraordinarily well developed that they can tell the exact time although they have not seen a clock for many hours.

"They are the exceptions, but for ordinary purposes anyone can be trained to carry the time in his subconscious mind, to be able to remember to do certain things at a certain time, and to wake punctually at the required minute."

COFFEE BENEFICIAL.

Is a Stimulant That's Not Habit Forming.

Devotees of the coffee cup will welcome the tidings, announced by Prof. Raymond Pearl, Dreney of Biology department of New York University, that coffee is not only harmless but beneficial.

Evidence derived from my study of the effect of coffee on animals and man," Prof. Chener declared recently, "indicates that the properly prepared beverage is distinctly advantageous with respect to over 90 per cent. of normal individuals. Psychological responses of animality and a sense of well-being and good cheer are undeniable accompaniments of the coffee beverage and the physiological effects are also non-injurious and gratifying. Coffee serves as a mild stimulant of the brain and brain and muscles, thereby accomplishing greater power and co-ordination in mental and physical endeavors.

"The only caution that need be heeded in favor or coffee is the absence of any after-effect or subnormal evaporation period. Coffee does not seem to be habit-forming since satisfactory stimulation a dog will require continually an increased quantities, however, to produce proper physiological stimulation without deleterious after-effects. On this basis it is safe to say that coffee, prepared by suspected methods, is entirely harmless if used below the boiling point for five minutes or even somewhat longer in most household conditions. It is not injurious to adult, as we have been led to show in our laboratory researches regarding caffeine or other substances in the beverage."

HANDSHAKE MUST GO.

Mussolini Prefers Ancient Roman Salute.

The "anti-esthetical, unhygienic, anti-ethical" handshake, the single operatic associations, "has had its day" and must go. So says a London newspaper, and the principal reason for Fascism's adoption of it is generally held to vote "the sentiments of his brother Mussolini.). Expressions hearty concurrence. "One thing should distinguish the people of Mussolini at home and aboard, 'the Fascist salute'."

The gripping of hands, being a token of recognition between Freemasons, is called intolerable. Its use in modern Europe "is equivalent to the nose-rubbing of Redskins." But the Roman salute approved and outward extension of the right arm) avoids "unjustified psychical contact."

Sad to say, Fascists and civil servants are recommended to accord great friends or superiors in the Roman fashion, and then forgetting themselves, follow up with a handshake.

History In Legends.

An Indian chief has dictated to his secretaries a history of his tribe from the creation of the world as it is related in the legends.

Eriand Nordenski, the Swedish explorer, who has just returned from Panama, has brought back a copy of the history with regards as one of the trophies of his expedition, says an Old Country paper.

His special interest was the Cuna tribe of the Atlantic coast. They are people of good intelligence and culture who cling to their old traditions. The chief who dictated the history employs two secretaries, one familiar with English, the other with Spanish.

The Forester's Daughter

(Continued from page 5)

herself confronted by an endless maze of blackened tree trunks, and at last the path ended abruptly.

Dismayed and halting, she said: "We've got to go back to that trail which branched off to the right. I reckon that was the highland trail which Bettie made to keep out of the swamp. I thought it was a trail from Cameron peak, but it wasn't. Back we go."

She was suffering keenly now, not on her own account, but on his, for she could see that he was very tired, and to climb up that hill again was like punishing him a second time.

When she picked up the biazed trail it was so dark that she could scarcely follow it, but she felt her way onward, turning often to be sure that he was following. Once she saw him fall and cried out: "It's a shame to make you climb this hill again. It's all my fault. I ought to have known that that lower road led down into the timber."

Standing close beside him in the darkness, knowing that he was weary, wet and cold, he permitted herself the expression of her love and pity. Putting her arm about him, she drew his cheek against her own, saying: "Poor boy. Your hands are cold as ice." She took them to her own warm clasp. "Oh, I wish we had never left the camp! What does it matter what people say?" Then she broke down and wailed. "I shall never forgive myself if you—" Her voice failed her.

He bravely reassured her: "I'm not defeated. I'm just tired. That's all I can go on."

"But you are shaking."

"That merely a nervous chill. I'm good for another hour. It's better to keep moving anyhow."

She thrust her hand under his coat and laid it over his heart. "You are tired out," she said, and there was anguish in her voice. "Your heart is pounding terribly. You mustn't do any more climbing. And, hark, there's a wolf!"

He listened. "I hear him, but we are both armed. There's no danger from wild animals."

"Come!" she said, instantly recovering her natural resolution. "We can't stand here. The station can't be far away. We must go on."

CHAPTER IX.

The Other Girl.

THE girl's voice stirred the benumbed youth into action again and he followed her mechanically, often stumbling against the trees, slipping and sliding, till at last his guide, pitching down a sharp slope, came directly upon a wire fence.

"Glory be!" she called. "Here is a fence, and the cabin should be near, although I see no light. Ahoy, Tony!"

No voice replied, and, keeping Wayland's hand, she felt her way along the fence till it revealed a gate; then she turned toward the roaring of the stream, which grew louder as they advanced. "The cabin is near the falls, that much I know," she assured him. Then a moment later she joyfully cried out, "Here it is!"

Out of the darkness a blacker, sharper shadow rose. Again she called, but no one answered. "The ranger is away," she exclaimed, in a voice of indignant alarm.

Leading him toward the middle of the room, Bernie said: "Stand here till I strike a light."

As her match flamed up Norcross found himself in a rough walled cabin, in which stood a square cook stove, a rude table littered with dishes, and three stools made of slabs. It was all very rude, but it had all the value of a palace at the moment.

The girl's quick eye saw much else. She located an oil lamp, some pine wood and a corner cupboard. In a few moments the lamp was lit, the stove refilled with fuel and she was stripping Wayland's wet coat from his back, cheerily disregarding as he did so "Here's one of Tony's old jackets, put that on while I see if I can't find some dry stockings for you. Sit right down here by the stove; put your feet in the oven. I'll have a fire in a jiffy. There, that's right. Now I'll start the coffee pot." She soon found the coffee, but it was unground. "Wonder where he keeps his coffee mill." She rummaged about for a few minutes, then gave up the search. "Well, no matter, here's the coffee, and here's a hammer. One of the laws of the trail is this: If you can't do a thing one way, do it another. I depend on this coffee to brace you up," she said.

After hanging a blanket over the broken window, she set out some cold meat and a half dozen baking powder biscuits, which she found in the cupboard, and as soon as the coffee was ready she poured it for him, but she would not let him leave the fire. She brought his supper to him and sat beside him while he ate and drank.

The hot, strong coffee revived him physically and brought back a little of his courage, and he said, "I'm ashamed to be such a weakling."

"Now, hush," she commanded. "It's not your fault that you are weak. Now, while I am eating my supper you slip off your wet clothes and creep into Tony's bunk, and I'll fill one of these syrup cans with hot water to put at your feet."

It was of no use for him to protest against her further care. She insisted, and while she ate he meekly carried out her instructions, and from the delicious warmth and security of his bed watched her moving about the store till the shadows of the room became one with the dusky figures of his sleep.

A moment later, as it seemed, something falling woke him with a start, and, looking up, he found the sun shining and Bernie confronting him with an anxious face. "Did I waken you?" she asked. "I'm awfully sorry. I'm trying to be extra quiet. I dropped a pan. How do you feel this morning?"

He pondered this question a moment. "Is it tomorrow or the next week?"

She laughed happily. "It's only the next day."

He laid his hands together and then felt of his pulse. "I don't seem to have a temperature. I just feel lazy, limp and lazy, but I'm going to get up, if you'll just leave the room for a moment"—

"Don't try it now. Wait till you have had your breakfast. You'll feel stronger then."

At this point came again the disturbing realization that this night of struggle and the ministrations of his brave companion had involved him deeper in a mesh from which honorable escape was almost impossible. The ranger's cabin, so far from being an end of their compromising intimacy, had added and was still adding to the weight of evidence against them both. The presence of the ranger or the supervisor himself could not now save Beres from the scandal.

She brought his breakfast to him and sat beside him while he ate, chatting the while of their good fortune. "It is glorious outside, and I am sure daddy will get across today, and Tony is certain to turn up before noon. He probably went down to Coal City to get his mail."

"I must get up at once," he said, in a panic of fear and shame. "The supervisor must not find me laid out on my back. Please leave me alone for a moment."

She went out, closing the door behind her, and as he crawled from his bed every muscle in his body seemed to cry out against being moved. Nevertheless he persisted and at last succeeded in putting on his clothes, even his shoes, though he found tying the laces the hardest task of all, and he was at the wash basin bathing his face and hands when Bernie hurriedly reentered. "Some tourists are coming," she announced in an excited tone. "A party of five or six people, a woman among them, is just coming down the slope. Now, who do you suppose it can be? It would be just our luck if it should turn out to be some one from the mill."

He divined at once the reason for her dismay. The visit of a woman at this moment would not merely embarrass them both, it would torture Bernie. "What is to be done?" he asked, roused to alertness.

"Nothing; all we can do is to stand pat and act as if we belonged here."

"Very well," he replied, moving stiffly toward the door. "Here's where I can be of some service. I am an excellent white liar."

The beat of hoofs upon the bridge drew his attention to the cavalcade, which the keen eyes of the girl had detected as it came over the ridge to the east. The party consisted of two men and two women and three pack horses completely outfitted for the trail.

One of the women, spurring her horse to the front, rode serenely up to where Wayland stood and called out: "Good morning! Are you the ranger?"

"No; I'm only the guard. The ranger has gone down the trail."

He perceived at once that the speaker was an alien like himself, for she wore tan colored riding boots, a divided skirt of expensive cloth and a jaunty, wide rimmed sombrero. She looked indeed precisely like the heroine of the prevalent western drama. Her sleeves, rolled to the elbow, disclosed shapely brown arms, and her neck, bare to her bosom, was equally sun smit, but she was so round cheeked, so childishly charming, that the most critical observer could find no fault with her makeup.

One of the men rode up. "Bello, Norcross. What are you doing over here?"

The youth smiled blandly. "Good morning, Mr. Belden. I'm serving my apprenticeship. I'm in the service now."

"The mischief you are!" exclaimed the other. "Where's Tony?"

"Gone for his mail. He'll return soon. What are you doing over here, may I ask?"

"I'm here as guide to Mr. Moore. Mr. Moore, this is Norcross, one of McFarlane's men. Mr. Moore is connected with the tie camp operations of the railway."

Moore was a tall, thin man with a gray beard and keen blue eyes. "Where's McFarlane? We were to meet him here. Didn't he come over with you?"

"We started together, but the horses got away, and he was obliged to go back after them. He also is likely to turn up soon."

"I am frightfully hungry," interrupt ed the girl. "Can't you hand me out a hunk of bread and meat? We've been riding since daylight."

Bernie suddenly appeared at the door "Sure thing," she called out. "Slide down and come in."

Moore removed his hat and bowed "Good morning, Miss McFarlane. I didn't know you were here. You know my daughter Blonz?"

Bernie nodded coldly. "I've met her." He indicated the other woman. "And Mrs. Belden, of course, you know."

Mrs. Belden, the fourth member of the party, a middle aged, rather flabby person, just being eased down from her horse, turned on Bernie with a battery of questions. "Good Lord! Bernie McFarlane, what are you doing down in this forsaken hole? Where's your dad? And where is Tony? If Cliff had known you was over here he'd have come too."

Bernie retained her self possession. "Come in and get some coffee, and we'll straighten things out."

Apparently Mrs. Belden did not know that Cliff and Bernie had quarreled, for she treated the girl with maternal familiarity. She was a good natured, well intentioned old sloven, but a most renowned tattler, and the girl feared her more than she feared any other woman in the valley. She had always avoided her, but she showed nothing of this dislike at the moment.

Wayland drew the younger woman's attention by saying, "It's plain that you, like myself, do not belong to these parts, Miss Moore."

"What makes you think so?" she brightly queried.

"Your costume is too appropriate. Haven't you noticed that the women who live out here carefully avoid convenient and artistic dress? Now, your outfit is precisely what they should wear and don't."

This amused her. "I know, but they all say they have to wear out their Sunday go to meeting clothes, whereas I can 'rig out proper.' I'm glad you like my 'rig'."

At the moment he was bent on drawing the girl's attention from Bernie, but as she spoke on he came to like her. She said: "No, I don't belong here, but I come out every year during vacation with my father. I love this country. It's so big and wide and wild. Father has built a little bungalow down at the lower mill, and we enjoy every day of our stay."

"You're a Smith girl," he abruptly asserted.

"What makes you think so?"

"Oh, there's something about you Smith girls that gives you dead away."

"Gives us away? I like that!"

"My phrase was unfortunate. I like Smith girls," he hastened to say.

In five minutes they were on the friendliest terms—talking of mutual acquaintances—a fact which both puzzled and hurt Beres. Their laughter angered her, and whenever she glanced at them she detected Slona looking into Wayland's face with coquettish simper she was embittered. She was glad when Moore came in and interrupted the dialogue.

Norcross did not relax, though he considered the dangers of cross examination almost entirely passed. In this he was mistaken, for no sooner was the keen edge of Mrs. Belden's hunger dulled than her curiosity sharpened.

"Where did you say the supervisor was?" she repeated.

"The horses got away, and he had to go back after them," again responded Bernie, who found the scrutiny of the other girl deeply disconcerting.

"When do you expect him back?"

"Any minute now," she replied, and in this she was not deceiving them, although she did not intend to volunteer any information which might embarrass either Wayland or herself.

Norcross tried to create a diversion "Isn't this a charming valley?"

Slona took up the cue. "Isn't it? It's romantic enough to be the back drop in a first class play. I love it!"

Moore turned to Wayland. "I know a Norcross, a Michigan lumberman vice president of the association. Is he by any chance a relative?"

"Only a father," returned Wayland, with a smile. "But don't hold me responsible for anything he has done We seldom agree."

Moore's manner changed abruptly "Indeed! And what is the son of W W. Norcross doing out here in the forest service?"

The change in her father's tone was not lost upon Slona, who ceased her banter and studied the young man with deeper interest, while Mrs. Belden, detecting some restraint in Bernie's tone, renewed her questioning. "Where did you camp last night?"

"Right here."

"I don't see how the horses got away They're in a pasture here, for we rode right through it."

Bernie was aware that each moment of delay in explaining the situation looked like evasion and deepened the significance of her predicament, and yet she could not bring herself to the task of minutely accounting for her time during the last two days.

Belden came to her relief. "Well, well, we'll have to be moving on. We're going into camp at the mouth of the west fork," he said as he rose "Tell Tony and the supervisor that we want to line out that timber at the earliest possible moment."

Slona, who was now distinctly coquetting with Wayland, held out her hand. "I hope you'll find time to come up and see us. I know we have other mutual friends if we had time to get at them."

His answer was humorous. "I am a soldier. I am on duty. I'm not at all sure that I shall have a moment's leave, but I will call if I can possibly do so."

They started off at last without having learned in detail anything of the intimate relationship into which the supervisor's daughter and young Norcross had been thrown, and Mrs. Belden was still so much in the dark that she called to Bernie: "I'm going to send word to Cliff that you are over here. He'll be crazy to come the minute he finds it out."

"Don't do that!" protested Bernie.

Wayland turned to Bernie. "That would be pleasant," he said smilingly.

But she did not return his smile. On the contrary, she remained very grave. "I wish that old talebearer had kept away. She's going to make trouble for us all. And that girl, isn't she a spectacle? I never could bear her."

"Why, what's wrong with her? She seems a very nice, sprightly person."

"She's a regular play actor. I don't like madeup people. Why does she go around with her sleeves rolled up that way and—and her dress open at the throat?"

"Oh, those are the affectations of the moment. She wants to look tough and bolsterous. That's the fad with all the girls just now. It's only a harmless piece of foolishness."

She could not tell him how deeply she resented his ready tone of camaraderie with the other girl, but she was intensely unhappy. It hurt her to think that he could forget his aches and be so free and easy with a stranger at a moment's notice. Under the influence of that girl's smile he seemed to have quite forgotten his exhaustion and his pain. It was wonderful how cheerful he had been while she was in sight.

In all this Bernie did him an injustice. He had been keenly conscious, during every moment of the time, not only of his bodily ills, but of Bernie, and he had kept a brave face in order that he might prevent further questioning on the part of a malicious girl. It was the way of the trail. Now that the crisis was passed he was quite as much of a wreck as ever.

CHAPTER X.

Further Perplexities.

PERCEIVING Wayland's return ing weakness, Beres insisted on his lying down again while she went to work preparing dinner "There is no telling when father will get here," she said. "And Tony will be hungry when he comes. Lie down and rest."

He obeyed her silently and, going to the bunk, at once fell asleep. How long he slept he could not tell, but he was awakened by the voice of the ranger, who was standing in the doorway and regarding Bernie with a round eyed stare.

He was a tall, awkward fellow of about thirty-five, plainly of the frontier type, but a man of some means At the end of a brief explanation Bernie said, with an air of authority: "Now you'd better ride up the trail and bring our camp outfit down. We can't go back that way anyhow."

The ranger glanced toward Wayland. "All right, Miss Bernie, but perhaps your tenderfoot needs a doctor."

Wayland rose painfully, but resolutely. "Oh, no, I am not sick. I'm a little lame, that's all. I'll go along with you."

"No," said Bernie decisively. "You're not well enough for that. Get up your horses, Tony, and by that time I'll have some dinner ready."

"All right, Miss Bernie," replied the man and turned away.

Bernie and he crossed the bridge on his way to the pasture when Bernie cried out, "There comes daddy."

Wayland joined her at the door and stood beside her watching the supervisor as he came zigzagging down the steep hill to the east with all his horses trailing behind him roped together head to tail.

"He's had to come round by Lost lake," she exclaimed. "He'll be tired out and absolutely starved. Whooo!" she shouted in greeting, and the supervisor waved his hand.

There was something superb in the calm seat of the veteran as he slid down the slope. He kept his place in the saddle with the air of the rider to whom hunger, fatigue, windfalls and snowslides were all a part of the day's work, and when he reined in before the door and dropped from his horse he put his arm about his daughter's neck with quiet word. "I thought I'd find you here. How is everything?"

"All right, daddy. But what about you? Where have you been?"

YOUNG WOMEN SUFFER MOST

These Two Found Relief by Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Ayer's Cliff, Quebec.—"I have been teaching for three years, and at the end of the year I always feel tired and have no appetite, a awful sick each month, too, having pains in my back until sometimes I was obliged to stop working. A friend recommended Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to me and I heard many women telling how good it was so I thought it would help me. And it did. Now I take six bottles every year and recommend it to others."—DONALDA FANTEUX, Ayer's Cliff, Quebec.

"Unable to Work"

Canning, Nova Scotia.—"I had irregular periods and great suffering at those times, the pains causing vomiting and fainting. I was teaching school and often for some hours I would be unable to attend to my work. Through an advertisement in the papers I knew of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and it has been of great benefit to me, the troubles being completely relieved."—LAURA J. EATON, Canning, King's County, Nova Scotia.

The Supervisor Waved His Hand.

"Clean back to Mill park. The blamed cayuses kept just ahead of me all the way."

"Poor old dad! And on top of that came the snow."

"Yes, and a whole batful. I couldn't get back over the high pass. Had to go round by Lost lake, and, to cap all, old Baldy took a notion not to lead. Oh, I've had a peach of a time, but here I am. Have you seen Moore and his party?"

"Yes, they're in camp up the trail. He and Alec Belden and two women. Are you hungry?"

He turned a comical glance upon her. "Am I hungry? Sister, I am a wolf. Norcross, take my horses down to the pasture."

She hastened to interpose. "Let me do that, daddy, Mr. Norcross is badly used up. You see, we started down here late yesterday afternoon. It was raining and horribly muddy, and I took the wrong trail. The darkness caught us, and we didn't reach the station till nearly midnight."

Wayland acknowledged his weakness. "I guess I made a mistake, supervisor; I'm not fitted for this strenuous life."

McFarlane was quick to understand. "I didn't intend to pitchfork you into the forest life quite so suddenly," he said. "Don't give up yet awhile. You'll harden to it."

"Here comes Tony," said Berie. "He'll look after the ponies."

Nevertheless Wayland went out, believing that Bernie wished to be alone with her father for a short time.

As he took his seat McFarlane said: "You stayed in camp till yesterday afternoon, did you?"

"Yes, we were expecting you every moment."

He saw nothing in this to remark upon. "Did it storm on the 25th?"

"Yes, a little; it mostly rained."

"It stormed up on the divide like a January blizzard. When did Moore and his party arrive?"

"About 10 o'clock this morning."

"I'll ride right up and see them. What about the outfit? That's at the lake, I suppose."

"Yes, I was just sending Tony after it. But, father, if you go up to Moore's camp don't say too much about what has happened. Don't tell them just how you took the back trail and just how long Wayland and I were in camp."

"Why not?"

She reddened with confusion. "Because— You know what an old gossip Mrs. Belden is. I don't want her to know. She's an awful talker, and our being together up there all that time will give her a chance."

A light broke in on the supervisor's brain. In the midst of his preoccupation as a forester he suddenly became the father. His eyes narrowed and his face darkened. "That's so. The old girl could make a whole lot of capital out of your being left in camp that way. At the same time I don't believe in dodging. The worst thing we could do would be to try to blind the trail. Was Tony here last night when you came?"

"No; he was down the valley after his mail."

His face darkened again. "That's another piece of bad luck too. How much does the old woman know at present?"

"Nothing at all."

"Didn't she cross examine you?"

"Sure she did, but Wayland side tracked her. Of course it only delays things. She'll know all about it sooner or later. She's great at putting two and two together. Two and two with her always make five."

McFarlane mused. "Cliff will be plumb crazy if she gets his ear first."

"I don't care anything about Cliff, daddy. I don't care what he thinks or does if he will only let Wayland alone."

"See here, daughter, you do seem to be terribly interested in this tourist."

"He's the finest man I ever knew, father."

He looked at her with tender, trusting glance. "He isn't your kind, daughter. He's a nice clean boy, but he's different. He don't belong in our world. He's only just stopping here. Don't forget that."

"I'm not forgetting that, daddy. I know he's different. That's why I like him." After a pause she added: "Nobody could have been nicer all through these days than he has been. He was like a brother."

McFarlane fixed a keen glance upon her. "Has he said anything to you? Did you come to an understanding?"

Her eyes fell. "Not the way you mean, daddy, but I think he—likes me. But do you know who he is? He's the son of W. W. Norcross, that big Michigan lumberman."

McFarlane started. "How do you know that?"

"Mr. Moore asked him if he was any relation to W. W. Norcross, and he said, 'Yes, a son.' You should have seen how that Moore girl changed her tune the moment he admitted that. She'd been very free with him up to that time. But when she found out he was a rich man's son she became as quiet and innocent as a kitten. I hate her! She's a deceitful snip!"

"Well, now, daughter, that being the case, it's all the more certain that he don't belong to our world, and you mustn't fix your mind on keeping him here."

"A girl can't help fixing her mind, daddy."

"Or changing it." He smiled a little. "You used to like Cliff. You liked him well enough to promise to marry him."

"I knew I did. But I despise him now."

"Poor Cliff! But the thing we've got to guard against is old lady Belden's tongue. She and that Belden gang have it in for me, and all that has kept them from open war has been Cliff's relationship to you. They'll take a keen delight in making the worst of all this camping business." McFarlane was now very grave. "I wish your mother was here this minute. I guess we had better cut out this timber cruise and go right back."

"No, you mustn't do that. That would only make more talk. Go on with your plans. I'll stay here with you. It won't take you but a couple of days to do the work, and Wayland needs the rest."

"But suppose Cliff hears of this business between you and Norcross and comes galloping over the ridge?"

"Well, let him. He has no claim on me."

He rose uneasily. "It's all mighty risky business, and it's my fault. I should never have permitted you to start on this trip."

"Don't you worry about me, daddy. I'll pull through somehow. Anybody that knows me will understand how little there is in—in old lady Belden's gab. I've had a beautiful time and I won't let her nor anybody else spoil it for me."

Wayland was down on the bridge leaning over the rail listening to the song of the water.

McFarlane approached gravely, but when he spoke it was in his usual soft monotone. "Mr. Norcross," he began, with candid indecision, "I am very sorry to say it, but I wish you and my daughter had never started on this trip."

"I know what you mean, supervisor, and I feel as you do about it. Of course none of us foresaw any such complication as this, but now that we are snarled up in it we'll have to make the best of it. No one of us is to blame. It was all accidental."

The youth's frank words and his sympathetic voice disarmed McFarlane completely. Even the slight resentment he felt melted away. "It's no use saying 'if,'" he remarked at length. "What we've got to meet is facts. Bernie's mother is not at all pleased with Cliff, and he's red headed friendly. When he drops on to this story, when he learns that I had to chase back after the horses and that you and Bernie were alone together for three days, he'll have a fine club to swing, and he'll swing it, and Alec will help him. They're all waiting a chance to get me, and they're mean enough to get me through my girl."

"What can I do?" asked Wayland.

McFarlane pondered. "I'll try to head off Marm Belden and I'll have a talk with Moore. He's a pretty reasonable chap."

"But you forget there's another tale bearer. Moore's daughter is with them."

"That's so. I'd forgotten her. Good Lord, we are in for it! There's no use trying to cover anything up."

Here was the place for Norcross to speak up and say, "Never mind, I'm going to ask Bernie to be my wife." But he couldn't do it. Something rose in his throat which prevented speech. A strange repugnance, a kind of sullen resentment at being forced into a declaration kept him silent, and McFarlane, disappointed, wondering and hurt, kept silence also.

Norcross was the first to speak. "Of course those who know your daughter will not listen for an instant to the story of an unclean old thing like Mrs. Belden."

"I'm not so sure about that," replied the father gloomily. "People always listen to such stories, and a girl always gets the worst of a situation like this. Bernie's been brought up to take care of herself, and she's kept clear of criticism so far, but with Cliff on edge and this old rip snooping around—" His mind suddenly changed. "Your being the son of a rich man won't help any. Why didn't you tell me who you were?"

"I didn't think it necessary. What difference does it make? I have nothing to do with my father's business. His notions of forest speculation are not mine."

"It would have made a difference with me, and it might have made a difference with Bernie. She mightn't have been so free with you at the start if she'd known who you were. You looked sick and kind of lonesome, and that worked on Bernie's sympathy."

"I was sick and I was lonesome, and she has been very sweet and lovely to me, and it breaks my heart to think that her kindness and your friendship should bring all this trouble and suspicion upon her. Let's go up to the Moore camp and have it out with them. I'll make any statement you think best."

To be Continued.

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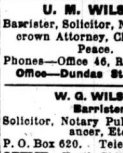

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E. J. POLLARD.
Editor and Proprietor

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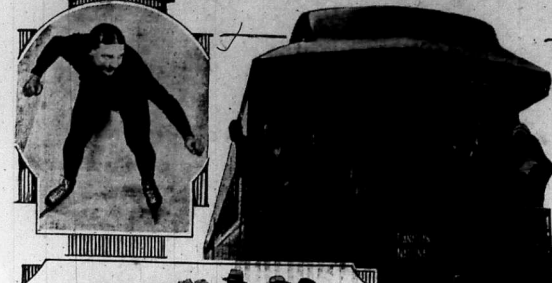
Canadian Athletes Leave For Olympic Games



Canada's representatives at the Olympic Games at St. Moritz, Switzerland, now on their way across the ocean, journeyed from their homes to the seaboard via Canadian National Railways. Most of the party were photographed by the Canadian National camera man at Montreal en route to Halifax. Photographs show: Left: The Varsity Grads hockey team, of Toronto; right, Lehan and Dupuis of Montreal and Ottawa respectively ski-ing representatives. Upper right, the party aboard the Maritime Express of the Canadian National Railways; left, Ross Sabiston of Toronto, speed skating champion, who will represent Canada in the speed skating events — Canadian National Railways photographs.

Amery Travels 55,000 Miles

Upper left—Mrs. Amery after an inspection of the C.P.R. engine. Upper right—Diving the belief the Canadian air is colder than cities. Lower right—Right Hon. L. C. M. S. Amery driving the engine which carried him across the Dominion.

Fifty-five thousand odd miles in twenty-two days! That will be the record of Lieut.-Colonel the Right Honorable L. C. M. S. Amery, M.P., Secretary of State for the Dominions, when he returns to England after his Dominions-wide tour on February 11. During this period Colonel Amery has visited South Africa, Australia, New Zealand and Canada, and has delivered upwards of 380 speeches all told.

His speeches have covered a wide range and have been enthusiastically received by monster audiences throughout. He has been particularly happy in his references to the romance of the British Empire and, in his remarks concerning the economic position of the component parts of the British Empire, while in speeches touching on the Empire Marketing Board he has broken new ground with most satisfactory results.

In every speech delivered by Colonel Amery in Canada he stressed the findings of the Imperial Conference in 1926, which made known explicitly to the world, he stated, that every one of the Dominions was an equal Imperial partner in the British Empire.

Colonel Amery landed in Canada from the S.S. "Aorangi" at Victoria on January 6, and will sail from Saint John, N.B., on February 8, on the Canadian Pacific liner, the "Montclare," for Liverpool. For the journey across Canada, where stops were made at all important centres, the Canadian Pacific Railway Company placed a special train at the disposal of the distinguished visitor and staff. On arrival at Banff, Alberta, the capital city of the Canadian Pacific Rockies, Colonel Amery threw all cares of state aside and spent all the day of January 12 enjoying winter sports. The Colonel is an expert ski-jer and took great pleasure in overcoming the difficulties of Tunnel Mountain. Throughout the tour Mrs. Amery, herself a Canadian girl, accompanied her gifted husband. Others to make the trip were Capt. W. Brass, M.P. for the Clitheroe Division of Lancashire and Parliamentary Under-Secretary for Health; G. G. Whiskard, Assistant Secretary at the Dominions office, and G. Huxley, of the Empire Marketing Board.

KEEP WORLD ALIVE

Billions of Organisms In Soil Underfoot Hold Fate of Humanity, Say Scientists.

Every time you put your foot on the earth you step on hundreds of millions of your partners.

We used to think animals and insects and plants were only living things in the world. Now science has discovered that under almost every square foot of ground are more living inhabitants than the entire human population of the globe. Living and working and multiplying for centuries before the forms we know as animals and plants ever appeared, they form a living world in themselves, upon which the larger forms of life developed. And new studies have revealed that without the work of the whole underground world, all the plants and animals we know about would quickly die — and so would we!

They would starve to death because they could not get any food they could digest. Without the work of the tiny citizens of the soil as butchers and chefs the plants would be helpless, writes Myron M. Stearns in Popular Science Monthly.

This whole marvelous new field of knowledge, which is changing our understanding of man's entire relationship to the world about him, is so important that the First International Congress of Soil Science has been held in Washington, D.C., with foremost scientists of all the great nations attending, and with one of America's leading soil scientists, Dr. Jacob G. Lipman, as president. He received no headlines in newspapers, yet it dealt with a subject so important that the slightest change in balance may bankrupt nations, change the history of races, or cause the death of untold millions of human beings through disease in a single year.

"Since there is only a limited amount of plant food in the world, the continual return of plant and animal forms to the earth is absolutely necessary for further life and growth," Dr. Lipman explains. "Most people think of the process simply as decay or decomposition. But it comes about only through the presence of the micro-organisms, and is solely their work. Wherever they are killed off, or not present, it does not occur.

"All plants, insects and animals are composed of fats, sugars, proteins and other ingredients. After they die and before they can be used as food by other plants they have to be broken down into their simple chemical constituents; the proteins have to be separated into aminoacids, and so on. With the ingredients into which they separate organic matter the micro-organisms mix various necessary minerals from the particles of the soil.

"Every dried leaf, every cornstalk, every particle of organic matter from which life has departed has been temporarily withdrawn from circulation. If it were not restored to circulation the whole volume of material available for new life would be lessened. After a while we would have only an earth piled high with dead and useless substances."

MAKING APPLES BLUSH.

Apple Stock Known as Jaune de Metz Produces Ruddiest Apples.

At the East Malling Research Station in England a number of men have been trying to make apples blush. The leader of these experimenters, Mr. W. S. Rogers, has published his report.

Botanists once believed that color could be influenced by manure, but two American botanists who devoted twenty-five years to experimenting came to the conclusion that manure has no influence on color.

At East Malling they have been grafting apple shoots on different stocks to see if the stocks influenced the color of the fruit, and they found that it did. The apple stock known as Jaune de Metz produced ruddier apples than those which came from three other sorts.

Possibly this is owing to something derived from the very root of the stock, but it is far more likely that the color comes from the sun. For Jaune de Metz is a small tree with very little foliage. The difference between its apples and those grown on a bushy stock is just the difference between the complexion of a girl who goes hatless and the girl who wears a broad-brimmed hat to save herself from sunburn.

Losing Clothes Consciousness.

Englishmen have lost "clothes consciousness."

They think a lot more now about motor cars, wireless sets, houses and furniture which can be bought on the instalment plan, and William Gerrish, the president of the London Association of Clothiers' Association says the trade must do something about it.

His suggestion to members of the association at the recent meeting is that they enter upon a collective advertising campaign to induce men to spruce up and throw away their shabby and unbecoming clothes.

Fat-Reducing Chair.

How to get rid of superfluous flesh at the rate of one pound a day, merely by sitting in a chair, was a demonstration at the New Health Treatment Centre in Northampton, England, recently. The fat-reducing chair has fixed to it small metal plates which contain the main muscle centre of the body, and electric currents expand and contract the muscles at the same speed as the heart-beats.

Two Tunnels Under the Hudson.

Two tunnels which allow motor vehicles to travel under the Hudson river between New York and New Jersey to the number of 5,800 hourly have just been opened.

$3,500,000 Given to Kansas City.

A fund of approximately $3,500,000, to be administered with few restrictions by the public interest of Kansas City, is the bequest of H. W. Loose, of New York, formerly a resident of Kansas City. The sum is in addition to funds of $2,500,000 contributed by other members of the Loose family for specified civic, benevolent and charitable purposes. The total, the greater part of which will be immediately available for promotion of the city's well-being, is six million dollars.

One of the gifts of the family to the city has been a park for children.

$5,000,000 IN JEWELS.

Dress Parade Fortunes In Ballroom of London Hotel.

Jewellery worth $5,000,000 was worn by mannequins taking part in a dress parade in the ballroom of the May Fair Hotel, London, W., England, recently.

"Oh-h-h!" breathed the feminine part of the audience as Toastmaster Knightsmith announced $500,000 as the value of a three-string pearl necklace worn with a Paul-Caret lace gown, the limelight being turned on the pretty frock and the gleaming milky gems.

Other necklaces at $350,000 and $325,000 gained respect while a simple unpretentious little string at $55,000 worked out at more than $2,500 per inch.

A diamond sautoir rippled over a flimsy wisp of a black chiffon frock down almost to the waist like captured (magnified) dewdrops. A $2,500 ruby and diamond brooch pinned back the folds of a twisted black felt hat. A $10,000 platinum mesh bag was carried with a fur-trimmed russet velvet and gold lace wrap.

The equivalent of $30,000 was slipped over one slim wrist in the form of a couple of two-inch wide diamond bracelets, while a mannequin's jewels on one occasion included a $100,000 single-stone diamond ring.

I have never seen so many men at a London dress parade. There were dozens of men in the background—detectives from the criminal investigation department at Scotland Yard, a special police detachment from Vine Street, Capt. W. Llewellyn-Amos and representatives of the National Jewellers' Association—firms in which had lent the jewels—and special guards over the electric light mains and switches.

Although the hotel is supplied by two electric light companies, the detectives had a plentiful supply of candles against any possibility of the light failing.

The arrival of the jewels was so well managed that only those who brought them knew when they had arrived. The two suit-cases Capt. Llewellyn-Amos carried contained—no candles.

The admission tickets of the audience were scrutinized carefully. Although invitations naturally were not sent out long in advance and guests were asked not to advertise the parade, 10,000 applications were received for the 500 places available.

OWNER OF RARE ANTIQUES.

Workingman Has Been a Collector For Twenty-Seven Years.

How a workingman of Bristol, England, without influence or money, has made himself, by sheer enthusiasm and persistence, a respected collector of antiques, and has sold pieces to Queen Mary, the Duke of Rutland, Lord Dawson of Penn and other famous connoisseurs, was told to a press representative by Mr. F. Ellis, of Berkeley road, Bishopston, the man concerned.

Mr. Ellis is caretaker of the Bristol Dispensary at Castle Green, and there I found him preparing to sweep up for the night.

When I asked to see his collection, he took me to the cellar and to various dark corners of the building, from which he produced dozens of beautiful pieces of Bristol glass, Brislington delft and old English pewter.

His chief treasure is the telescope with which Captain Cook observed the transit of Venus at Tahiti in 1769, and for possession of which the Australian Government is in negotiation with him.

I asked Mr. Ellis to what he attributed his success as a professional collector.

"Perhaps it's because I'm not afraid of a bit of trouble to ensure that my pieces are genuine," he said. "I never sell anything unless I am convinced it is what it purports to be.

"Take this silver chalice, for instance. You see it bears the words 'Carolus Rex' beneath a crown. I acquired it as the reputed personal possession of Charles I. Unfortunately the crown was not shaped like that in his time, so I should not dream of trying to sell it as genuine. It is probably an early-Victorian imitation.

"Another thing I try to do is just to keep my eyes open. There was a bell in a works near here which was discovered by one of the workmen in and out. I heard of it and bought it for a small sum. I found it bore the date 1671 and a rare maker's name. I disposed of it to the Victoria and Albert Museum. I think that was my best find."

Mr. Ellis has been a collector for twenty-seven years and caretaker of the Bristol Dispensary for thirty-eight years. He is recognized as an expert on Bristol glass, says the London Chronicle.

Feeding the Eskimos.

Fifty pallock carcasses out of the thousand recently ordered by the contract at Walnwright Park have been reserved by the Northwest Territories Branch of the Department of the Interior, Ottawa. The meat of these animals is boiled and dried for shipment to the Eskimos in the extreme northwestern part of the Dominion to help replenish their food supply which has been reduced by the diminishing of the herds of caribou in parts of their hunting grounds.

Lead and Zinc Deposits.

The discovery of extensive deposits of lead and zinc in Yarmouth county was announced a few days ago by Archibald Campbell, Canadian geologist and explorer.

Cod Fishing.

The catch of cod on the North American banks each year has averaged 1,103,000,000 pounds annually for the last thirty years.

Gas From Garbage.

By a new process, sewage and similar wastes are being converted into gas for household use in Germany. Enough gas for the domestic supply of a population of 8,000 is produced from sewage at Gross Zieter.

This process should make it possible for waste materials to be used in producing gas for industrial purposes.

Bolivia.

Bolivia has a population of nearly three million people.

MOUNTAIN RANGE FOUND.

Vast, Almost Unknown Territory More Than Rolling Plain.

A great mountain range, bigger than the Canadian Rockies, has been discovered by Russian explorers in an almost unknown territory in Siberia, hitherto believed to be nothing more than a rolling plain, according to information just received says Science Service. It lies in northeastern Yakutsk, a little known region containing quadrangular areas larger than France. The district was found to be mountainous and to be part of a great range that trends from the Arctic coast, east of Lena river, southward and eastward. This range, with an estimated length of more than 600 miles and a greatest width of nearly 200 miles, is perhaps the last great mountain range of the world that had remained undiscovered. It has been named in honor of M. Cherskii, a Russian geologist who explored parts of Siberia.

Where it is cut through by Indigirka river the Cherskii range comprises nine mountain chains, whose highest summits reach more than 10,000 feet. The party passed some of the gorges by rafting down the river but found others impassable and had to make long detours over the mountains.

Because of the unexpected roughness of the district the exploration consumed much more time than was anticipated and the party were overtaken by heavy snow before returning. They were forced to camp until the river was frozen so as to afford a roadway and eventually reached their base after having experienced severe hardships, including temperatures of 70 degrees below zero Fahrenheit. Such extreme temperatures have not before been reported so far from the "pole of cold" in northeastern Siberia.

PHOTOS BY TELEGRAPH.

Can Transmit Handwriting by This Method.

The Berliner who wishes to send a photo of himself to a relative or friend in Vienna can telegraph it if he desires, for the "Picture Telegraph" service between the German and Austrian capitals has now been officially opened to the public.

Not only can photos be sent over the wire, but any kind of message can be transmitted by the new method.

For example, a Chinaman can hand into the telegraph office a letter written in Chinese characters and request that it should be telegraphed to an address in Vienna.

His original manuscript would be accepted by the post office officials, who would not try to count the words but charge the sender according to the space the message takes up, the price being two marks per centimetre, and the maximum space allowed being 19 by 10 centimetres.

The original message is then taken to the sending-room, placed in the "picture telegraph" machine, and within a few seconds is reproduced on a film in the receiving apparatus in the Vienna telegraph office.

This film is developed in the usual way and the print is delivered to the addressee, just like an ordinary telegram, the difference being that the recipient sees the actual handwriting of his Chinese friend in Berlin.

GOOD-BYE TO FOG.

Austrian Has Invention to Do Away With Fog From Smoke.

Not much longer will people have to put up with the fogs that have been so frequent lately. An Austrian inventor, Theodore Langer, who died recently, has left an invention which, it is claimed, will make it possible to free any place from fog caused by smoke from factory chimneys.

Formerly an engine-driver, Langer started experimenting to see how smoke could be eliminated and fuel saved. His first patent—the steam jet playing on the fire to keep down smoke—was sold for £250,000.

Every factory in Budapest has adopted his last invention. In its original form it was designed for a locomotive, and consisting as it does in the form of a pyramid plays from the back of the fire-box on the fire-box floor. The half-burnt gases, with their minute coal fragments (which when combined become smoke), are driven by the steam pyramid over the glowing coals again, and almost completely consumed.

A series of fans arranged in the funnel like the ribs of a Venetian blind trap any escape by chilling the hot smoke and forcing any remaining dust on the floor.

BACHELORS' APARTMENTS.

Munich Company Erecting First of Its Kind.

German bachelors with a penchant for cooking and housekeeping are stated over the initiative shown by a Munich construction company in erecting the first apartment house for bachelors.

Therefore the unmarried male of moderate means was practically doomed to live in a boarding-house, to eat the stereotyped meals prepared by landlady, to accept the less interesting, impersonal furniture that characterizes the average "pension."

The Munich innovation gives the bachelor a chance to rent a single room or two rooms unfurnished and to equip them in an individual manner.

Best of all, he can dabble in the art of cooking. On each floor there is a kitchen equipped with a number of individual two-flame gas ranges and with a large table in the middle. Each bachelor can cook according to his own taste, and by swapping recipes with his neighbors increase his culinary repertoire.

The Munich apartment is meeting with such success that other cities are expected to follow suit shortly. Maiden ladies, too, are beginning to clamor for similar accommodations.

The Age of a Horse.

Horses are naturally much longer lived than is generally supposed, for as a rule a horse's legs go from unnatural work on hard roads and it is destroyed long before it has reached its natural span of life. It was announced recently that a pony had lived to the amazing age of fifty-three years.

Always the Same.

Ceremonies may differ, but true politeness is ever the same.

GAIN BETTER STATUS.

Shanghai's Russians Work Hard and Live Correctly.

One of the most remarkable changes in Shanghai's international community during the past two years has been the rise from pauperism to comparative affluence of the White Russians, who now number about 10,000 persons, says the Christian Science Monitor.

Two years ago the former subjects of the czar provided the chief problem for charitable organizations in Shanghai. Thousands had drifted there after the revolution in Russia, most of them without money and lacking training to earn a living. Today they are one of the most homogeneous and best-organized groups in the city able to look out for their own indigent members, and with a growing class-consciousness which asserted itself in the recent attack on the Soviet consulate. This act of violence, however, was not characteristic of the community, which is regarded as law abiding and self-respecting.

The White Russians have clustered thickly in the French concession, where they enjoy all the privileges of extraterritoriality, although they are "men without a country," and theoretically have no consular representation and no special rights. One broad thoroughfare, Avenue Joffre, has become a "little Russia," and is taking on the atmosphere of a Russian city, with Russian shops and homes. Some of the Russians have become moderately wealthy, although most of them still live packed together in tenements, on a standard slightly above that of the Chinese.

The community now has its own schools, which are poorly equipped but nevertheless afford a fairly effective education in the elementary grades, and are attempting to train their youngsters in trades. They also take full advantage of the schools provided by the municipal authorities, and the percentage of illiteracy is already lower than that which prevailed under the czars. Most of the community came from the lower classes, and are content with meagre salaries. The group includes a large number of former "aristocrats," however, who were officers in the army or persons of noble birth. These have provided the organizing power of the community.

Two years ago the adjective "Russian" was used rather contemptuously in Shanghai. But the adjective is coming again into repute. The better class of Russian girls have married well, either in their own community or into other groups, and are received in social circles where they were previously not welcome. The men, too, are finding their own level.

FROM SILK TO COTTON

Tarsus, Home of Saul, Later Paul, Is Now Manufacturing Cotton —St. Paul's College.

Tarsus, once famous for Saul and for silken cloths embroidered with gold and silver threads, has turned to cotton manufacturing as its chief industry. Its location on the road from the Cicilian Cites, a pass through the Tarsus mountains, which connected the northern part of Asia Minor with the Cicilian plain, and its fine harbor on the Cydnus river, says the Associated Press Service, made Tarsus an important city in medieval times.

Tarsus' origin is lost in the mists of antiquity, the National Geographic Society says. One of its famous sons was Saul of Bible fame, who later became the Apostle Paul. Xenophon described the city, Alexander conquered it, Caesar visited it, and Cleopatra sailed up the Cydnus in her magnificent vessel to meet Antony in Tarsus' splendid harbor.

There is little evidence of the greatness of Tarsus in the city today, save for unearthed relics found here and there under a dozen feet of silt which the Cydnus left after its numerous inundations. A mere 20,000 Turks, Syrians, Greeks, Persians and Afghans inhabit the city which has dwindled to a comparatively unimportant commercial town. Its narrow streets are lined with mud houses, squalid shops and unpretentious bazaars in front of which curbstone barbers ply their trade in the midst of the confusion of loping camels, dirty little donkeys and barking street vendors that drown out the appeal of lowly beggars.

Although the Adana-Mersina Railway passes through Tarsus, it has not entirely forsaken the antiquated caravan. Often every available piece of ground in the city is filled with camels kneeling and standing, while swarthy, bare-legged cameleers, in dirty white, move about watching their bales of merchandise.

Perhaps Tarsus' decline can be laid at the door of Justinian, who, in the sixth century, diverted the Cydnus river from the city to make it suffer from the recurring floods. By doing so he unintentionally deprived Tarsus of its chief pride, its fine harbor.

St. Paul's College, an American mission school, is one of the few modern features of the city. It is a haven for travellers who find the American community which it houses filled with hospitality. The college has played an important part in educating natives in the vicinity of Tarsus and in protecting Christians in this Moslem country.

Schoolboy "Howlers."

The headmaster of the well-known Brighton (England) grammar school has revealed the following "howlers" perpetrated by some of his scholars:

Hindenburg: The first person to fly the Atlantic.

Blackmail: Robbing postmen. What you pay to get back your lost property.

Black Rod: What "the Head" uses.

Asked how many people had swum the Channel, one boy wrote: "That's what we want to know." Another boy wrote: "A Channel swimmer generally begins near Cologne, and finishs somewhere in the middle of the channel."

Another schoolmaster furnishes a scholar's translation of "Mallitia non est jocus": "It is no joke to be in the Militia."

LOST MEXICAN HISTORY FOUND.

Book Was Written About Four Hundred Years Ago.

Another page of Mexico's past has just come to light, says Science Service. One of the precious books of Bernadino de Sahagun, famous colonial historian who came to Mexico four hundred years ago, has been discovered in a secret archive in the Vatican at Rome, and published for the first time in America in the Mexican Historical Review by Zelia Nuttal, well-known woman archaeologist of Mexico City.

The book is called "Colonies and Christian Doctrines by Which the First Twelve San Franciscan Friars Converted the Indians of New Spain." It has both an Aztec and a Spanish text. The religious authorities of New Spain considered it dangerous to perpetuate the memory of the idolatrous practices of the Indians, and most of Sahagun's works were suppressed when the Inquisition was established in Mexico in 1572.

Sahagun came to Mexico in 1529, mastered the Aztec language, and began to make researches on the religions and social customs and history of the native races prior to the conquest in 1547 using an original method to get the most reliable information. He called together the elders of the tribes and the most learned men of the town, and got them to put down what they knew in their own hieroglyphics, and explain him in Aztec when before returning.

He worked without aid and against the opposition of his superiors for many years, and when he was an old man he was forced to destroy and revise the fruits of his work. His own history, however, which is one of the most noted records of its kind, tells, by the volume of work he actually did, how much has been lost. For this reason the fragment that has now been discovered is an important find.

WIRELESS BEACONS.

Ambitious System in United States to Assist Aircraft.

Wireless lighthouses, or beacons, have been erected by Trinity House round the British coast to assist vessels in taking bearings in foggy weather, but the United States is showing the way with an ambitious system of wireless beacons to assist aircraft.

There are, in the United States, twelve private aviation companies who have flown 766,251 miles in three months, actually transporting mails and passengers over 8,000 miles of air routes. It is planned to establish a network of wireless beacons at intervals of 200 miles along these airways.

The directive properties of the frame aerial will be employed and the transmitter will have two aerials, erected at right-angles to each other, each radiating signals in the direction in which it points.

An airplane flying along a line of equal distance between two transmitters will receive audible signals of equal strength from each transmitter, but when turning in its course to left or right, it receives one signal of greater intensity than the other.

These signals can be received on an ordinary receiving set, so special direction-finding apparatus being necessary. The airplane will therefore "ride on a slender ray of directed wireless."

GOLF CLUBS.

Various Kinds of Woods Are Used in Their Manufacture.

The making of golf clubs requires the utmost care. The work is generally done under the close supervision of a golf professional during the off season.

Various kinds of special woods are used in the clubs. Special second growth hickory is usually selected for the shaft. It must be neither too springy nor too stiff.

The new wood is sawed into square sticks, which are tested over and over again, then stowed away and seasoned for two years before they are ready to be turned and tapered and pointed to perfection. Most of them are also shaped and smoothed and finished by hand.

The head is made of persimmon wood, which is likewise seasoned for two years. These are shaped with special tools, then bored, the shaft fitted in, and the joint smoothed. A slot is milled in the head where the sole plate is attached. Then they are finished and lacquered.

Irons are made of medium carbon steel forged under a drop-hammer, ground on abrasive wheels, hardened and tempered in oil, hand finished and polished.

Killed Eighty Lions.

A well-known hunter, whose name is Hunter, was employed four months ago by the Kenya Government to go to the Masai game reserve to kill off lions which had made numerous and daring raids on the Masai people. He has returned to Nairobi, having killed eighty lions and ten leopards, and thus eradicated the menace.

Mr. Hunter had many intensely exciting experiences and very narrow escapes from death, including being charged by a rhinoceros, a buffalo, and an elephant. He worked both day and night, and used dogs for tracking in the daytime.

Fountain Pens.

Fountain pens were used as long ago as 1600, when reference was made in a book to their use by travellers.

In 1788 fountain pens were first mentioned in an advertisement, and about this time they came into use to be called by their present name.

In a Dictionary of Arts and Sciences published in 1754, fountain pens were described as "cases of silver, brass, etc., contrived to contain a considerable quantity of ink and let it flow out."

A Tiny Locomotive.

A practical, miniature locomotive, six inches long, but exactly like the standard engine of the French state railroad, has been built by a French mechanic, M. Melcher. He has built the engine to a scale of 1-80th of normal. It weighs 12 ounces and is made to run with coal gas. Much of the work had to be done under a magnifying glass. He worked evenings on it for ten years. The boiler tubes are hardly larger than coarse hairs.

"Stock-Taking" Just Completed Presents us with Another Nut to Crack

We have several Hundreds of Dollars locked up in Remnants of Various Materials.

To procure a Speedy Disposal of the Merchandise we have Marked Them exactly Half Price.

They are on Sale in the Various Departments--Right Now--See Them.

Anticipate your Spring Requirements

Buy Tapestry Rugs Now-- at Half Price

Room size rugs these are—woven seamless from splendid quality imported wool. Patterns show a flare for colored designs on neutral backgrounds, which create pleasing effects for practically every room in your house.

For years now tapestry rugs have had an enviable reputation for service and value—no other make offers a better investment. Now your choice of what we have in stock at exactly half of their replacement value.

Note these sizes and prices.

Size 9 x 10 ft. 6 in., reg. $27.50 for $13.75 each.

Size 9 x 9 ft., reg. $19.50 for $9.75 each.

Size 9 x 9 ft., reg. $22.50 for $11.25 each.

Size 7 ft. 6 in. x 9 ft., reg. $16.95 for $8.48 each.

Size 6 ft. 9 in. x 9 ft., reg. $18.50 for $9.25 each.

Size 6 ft. 9 in. x 9 ft., reg. $16.95 for $8.48 each.

Size 6 ft. 9 in. x 9 ft., reg. $21.50 for $10.75 each.

Size 6 ft. 9 in. x 9 ft., reg. $17.75 for $8.88 each.

Size 7 ft. 6 in. x 9 ft., reg. $19.50 for $9.75 each.

Rare Values in Costume Slips

Choose English Broadcloth, Sateen, or Both

Imported by C. D. S. L. from England, which alone is testimonial enough for their dependability. Materials of superb qualities. Weaves possessing a beautiful lustre finish and in weights strong enough to give excellent service. Styled with built-up or strap shoulder. We secured these at prices effectively discounted.

Note these values—you should share in them.

In Tricoline English Broadcloth, $1.69 each.

In English Sateen, $1.00 and 89c. each.

This Searchlight February Attraction

Offers You a Noteworthy Opportunity to Save Real Money

Our tremendous January business--the greatest in the history of this store--has left us with stacks and stacks of Remnants. We figure that they are of more value to you than to us--hence they are out on the display tables in the various departments--marked at exactly one half of their original value. Featured are hundreds of dollars worth of Silks, Satins and Velvets. Hundreds of dollars worth of Coatings, Dress Goods, and Wash Materials. Hundreds of dollars worth of Curtain Materials and Window Draperies.

These "Remnants" are "Short Lengths" of regular lines. Exceptionally good qualities, in popular colorings, in lengths that are useable without undue waste.

The assortments are the largest and the most varied you have ever seen.

Come In and Look Them Over

We'll be Glad if You Save at Our Expense

CANADIAN DEPARTMENT-STORES LIMITED

PERSONALS

(All our readers are cordially invited to hand in, or send in, any news they may have for this column).

Mr. F. W. Barrett was in Toronto a few days last week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Daly spent a few days last week in Toronto.

Miss Helen Williams, Camden East, is visiting Miss Sills, Albany, N.Y.

Miss Nora Herrington sailed from New York on Saturday for a Mediterranean cruise.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Burpee and Mrs. Vrooman are spending several weeks in Miami, Florida.

Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Allison, Adolphustown, are spending a few weeks in Florida.

Mrs. Fred Hamm, Ernesttown, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Thompson, Toronto.

Mrs. Ross Cox, Toronto, is visiting her aunt, Mrs. W. A. Daly.

Mrs. Dumbrille is visiting her daughter in Montreal.

Mrs. Wm. Alton, Detroit, Mich., is visiting her sister, Mrs. C. D. Black.

Mrs. E. Wagar has returned from visiting her son and daughter in Toronto.

Miss Minnie Smith, Toronto, is visiting her sister, Mrs J. L. Boyes.

Miss M. Roberts, of Kingston, is the guest of Mrs. W. H. McCracken, Bridge street.

Mrs. J. Belton, Forest Mills, spent the week-end with Mrs. W. H. McCracken and family, Bridge street.

Mr. Chas. J. Smith, Toronto, was renewing acquaintances in Napanee last week.

Mrs. Alice Gibson, Hawkesbury is visiting her sister, Mrs. Finkle, and her brother, Mr. Geo. Shibley.

We are pleased to report that Mr. E. R. Sills, who has been seriously ill for some time, is somewhat better.

Miss Catherine Terrill, of Consecon, is the guest of Mrs. Thos. Symington.

Mr. Geo. Dupre, Richmond, who has been seriously ill for the past few weeks, we are pleased to say is improving slowly.

Mr. John Mills, one of Portsmouth's highly respected citizens, who passed away on Wednesday of last week, was a brother of Mrs. Martha Uens, of Napanee.

The many friends of Mrs. C. D. Black, who underwent an operation for appendicitis on Friday, at the Kingston General Hospital, will be pleased to learn her condition is satisfactory.

Dr. and Mrs. Cameron Wilson were in Oshawa last week attending the funeral of Mrs. Wilson's father, Mr. L. P. Smith, who passed away on Monday of last week in his 78th year.

DEATHS

Hinch—At Newburgh, on Friday, Feb. 3rd, 1928, Miss Madelon Hinch, aged 21 years, 5 months.

Rev. Father O'Connor is very ill, having suffered a severe stroke on Sunday.

A new canning factory is to be built at Belleville and contracts for growing canning produce are being given out.

He may have a greasy hat and the seat of his pants may be shiny, but if his children have their noses flattened against the window pane a half-hour before he is due home for supper, you can trust him with anything you have.—New River Magazine.

Work is the foundation of all business. Work is the fount of all prosperity. Work is the parent of genius. Work is the salt that gives life its savor. Work laid the foundation of every fortune in the world. Fools hate Work; wise men love work. Work is represented in every loaf of bread that comes from the oven, in every train that crosses the continent, in every newspaper that comes from the press. Work is the mother of democracy All progress springs from work. —Work.

Making his second visit to Canada in 44 years, Seymour Hicks, noted British actor, with his wife, the equally well-known English stage favorite, Ellaline Terriss, and their daughter Betty, with a company of 26, arrived at Halifax this month, played a week there and three days at Saint John as the opening phase of a four months' tour that will embrace the whole Dominion to Victoria and back. Mr. Hicks travelled C.P.R. and will conclude his tour May 5.

The increased buying power of the Canadian people and the surplus funds in their possession for investment in the last few years is accounted for by the increased production of the Dominion, substantial increments having been recorded since 1923 and a new record made, according to estimates, in 1927. The value of gross production in Canada in 1926 was $4,846,000,000; in 1924 it was $5,263,000,000; in 1925 $5,599,000,000 in 1926 $5,656,241,624 and in 1927, according to the estimate of the "Financial Post," $5,755,796,700. Production in 1927 exceeded that of 1926 by approximately $100,000,000 and that of 1923 by $809,000,000. Agriculture accounted for $1,660,387,100; forestry $489,405,000; fishing $52,291,000; trapping $16,788,600; mining $262,750,000; electric power $108,195,000; construction $398,300,000, and manufactures $2,760,700,000.

The Sun's Long Life.

The sun will continue to supply us with heat and light for one hundred and fifty billion years, says a French astronomer.

Until now it has been thought that the sun would burn out in ten million years' time at the most. This new calculation is based on the latest discoveries of the atom's construction.

M. Poiret's Opinion.

M. Paul Poiret, the famous Paris dress designer, says he sees three defects in American women: thick knees, coarse-skinned arms, and ugly backs.

"Advertising increases turnover. Increased turnover means increased income. Advertising is an investment not an expense."

Windshield and car door glass any size, at A. E. PAUL'S. 34

DO NOT MISS "The Forester's Daughter"

Hamlin Garland's ROMANCE OF The Forest Service

READ THE SERIAL

WHICH STARTED LAST WEEK

HEALTH SERVICE OF THE CANADIAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION

NO CHILD NEED DIE OF DIPHTHERIA.

In Canada, during the yar 1922 there occurred 922 deaths from Diphtheria. This represents a tremendous amount of suffering, both bodily and mental, the loss of precious lives, and the physical damaging of many that recovered; in addition, th resultant expense might be mentioned.

This is a deplorable condition, when it is realized that we know as much, if not more about Diphtheria than we do of any other disease. The germ that causes it is known, its method of spread is understood, there is a specific cure for it and, best of all, there is a satisfactory and effective means of prevention.

The question that naturally arises is that if such be the case, why do so many cases and death continue to occur? The answer to this question is that whilst we have a cure and a preventative, they are not being used by everyone, and until they are cases and deaths will continue to occur.

Diphtheria antitoxin is a specific cure if given in sufficient amount, on the first day of the disease. Deaths occur when this is not done. Cure depends upon securing prompt treatment. The is a satisfactory and effective means of prevention.

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Injections of diphtheria toxoid (Anatoxine-Ramon) or of toxin-individual injected, a resistance to antitoxin will develop, in the in-Diphtheria (immunity), similar to the resistance developed amongst those who recover from an attack of the disease. As Diphtheria deaths occur chiefly amongst children of pre-school age, these children should be immunized or protected against Diphtheria. Diphtheria can be stamped out by immunization. No cases or deaths will occur amongst those immunized.

Questions concerning Health, addressed to the Canadian Medical Association, 184 College Street, Toronto, will be answered. Questions as to diagnosis and treatment will not be answered.

NOW ENJOYS EATING THANKS HIS WIFE

"For years I suffered with stomach trouble. Then my wife got me to take Adlerika. Today I feel fine and eat what I like."—Wm. Opp.

Adlerika relieves stomach gas and sourness in TEN minutes. Acting on BOTH upper and lower bowel, it removes old waste matter you never thought was in your system. Let Adlerika give your stomach and bowels a REAL cleansing and see how much better you will feel. It will surprise you! Wallace's Drug Store.

CANADIAN WOMEN'S WORK

BY LUCINDA.

In the third century, Valentine, a Roman priest, was martyred in Italy and today the shop windows in all civilized countries are filled with cards and favors with which we will celebrate the day, February 14th, set apart in his memory. And why? The early Christian teachers had a wisdom, sometimes lacking in the missionaries of our day. They endeavored to divert the minds of their converts from the festivals in honor of their gods and goddesses by linking a christian memory with the day set apart for non-christian worship or celebration. During the month of February the devotees of Pan and Juno held great days of merriment in which the maidens drew lots for the youths. To offset the undesirable features of this festival, a day in memory of good St. Valentine was chosen in the middle of the month and gradually the merry making became harmless. But in early days the custom was in vogue in England and Scotland, and Chaucer and Shakespeare have written of St. Valentine's Day. The boys and girls drew lots for their "Valentine" and among the wealthy classes the men were expected to give the lady who was their "Valentine" gifts of jewels. In some countries, St Valentine's Eve, February 13th, was a day of th exchange of anonymous gifts and seems in other ways to have been like our Christmas Eve, for it is said that carriers went from house to house laden with gifts, some of them bearing the words "Good morrow Valentine." Then for some reason poet St. Valentine lost favor with his friends and only the hideous valentines some of us remember receiving from our school mates were exchanged. He must be delighted now to find that red hearts pierced with cupid's darts de prettiest of favors and red flowers and candles all in his honor, will deck the tables of the rich at Valentine parties and that lovers, more dainty than the maidens of old Rome ever dreamed of, will be carried by postmen the world over to the girls of 1928.

Canadian women still go to the far East to carry the healing of the western civilization and the Gospel of Christ to the women of the lands where, even in this 20th century of ours, to be a woman is often to be a beast of burden or a plaything for the men. In the last week in January, Dr. Carolyn Macdonald, the first woman to receive an honorary degree of L.L.D. from Toronto University, the recipient of the 6th Order of the Sacred Treasure from the hands of the Emperor of Japan in recognition of her outstanding services during the great earthquake in Tokio in 1923, left for Vancouver and is now on the Pacific on her way to the St. Andrew's House Tokio, where she will resume her missionary work. At the same time Miss Jean Cummings left Toronto for Vancouver on her way to Japan to join the staff of the Mckay Memorial Hospital in Formosa under the auspices of the Presbyterian Women's Missionary Society. Cummings served overseas during the Great War. These two splendid Canadian women are an honor to their sisters, to their country and to the cross-barred banner of the Empire under which they serve.

The Kingston Art and Music Club held a great handicraft Exhibition on Feb 3rd and 4th, that was unique. Committees of the club members were in charge of the various departments and an amazing amount of interesting and valuable curios were shown to the Kingston people and others who had come from the surrounding district. Pictures, old dresses worn a century ago, jewellery, miniatures, painted on ivory, of the grandmothers and great grandmothers of the present owners, fascinating old fans and snuff boxes, ancient brass from the east and from the British Isles, antique furniture, telling the story of a bygone day. For more than two centuries Kingston has been the home of white men and since 1758 the flag of Britain has floated from her forts and in the homes of her citizens are curios of priceless value. The exhibition was guarded day and night by special constables and visited by thousands of people. From Napanee came to the Handicraft Exhibit some most interesting curios. The home of W. S. Herrington, K.C., yielded up some of its treasures, and Miss Helen Herrington, who represented the Kingston Art and Music Club in Napanee, was responsible for the articles sent to the exhibition from her town. Mrs John Bullock brought some most interesting articles from Gananoque and Perth.

Some people will tell you that "figures talk." Well, so they do, but they do not always tell all the story, so while the figures read out at the annual meeting of the Ontario Division of the Candian Red Cross Association give us an idea of the amazing peace-time work of that society, whose slogan is "Still Serving," they cannot tell us of the sacrifices of the nurses to go to the lonely places of Northern Ontario and in the little outpost hospitals care for the mothers and babies of the men hurt in the lumber camp and mines and the people stricken with disease in that part of our province that has for its settlers so many men who gave their best of youth and health for the Empire in the Great War. But the figures are rather imposing. Nineteen hospitals are in operation and two are ready to be opened. Forty-four trained nurses and forty domestic helpers carry on the work in the sparsely settled districts. One nurse has been living for weeks in a box car and another has been tramping through the bush to her patients and still another brave Canadian girl riding to the sick on horseback and one even more adventuresome, making her rounds by aerty-plane. In the outpost hospitals 398 babies came into the world and 870 operations were performed. 4,200 children in the distant schools of Ontario were inspected as to their health conditions and 4000 patients were treated in the Red Cross outpost hospitals of Ontario. Speaking of the children, it was announced that in Ontario 46,984 boys and girls were enrolled in the Junior Red Cross and pledged to play the game of health. These figures may well be said to "talk."

And now for the Valentine party. If you are not near enough to the city to buy favors you can make all sorts of pretty things from red paper. Great red hearts, cupids with their darts to pierce the hearts of the Valentine and pretty red paper baskets for sweets. For the children and the grown-ups too, you can make cookies cut in the shape of a heart and sprinkled with red ornaments. Try the old, old game of drawing for partners and perhaps some of you will draw a partner for life.

"God is a spirit and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth," John 4-24; "Jesus saith unto them, 'My meat is to do the will of Him that sent me and to finish His work.' Say not ye, 'There are yet four months and then cometh the harvest.' Behold I say unto you 'Lift up your eyes and look on the fields, for they are white already to harvest. And he that reapeth receiveth wages, and gathereth fruit unto life eternal; that both he that soweth and he that reapeth may rejoice together and herein is that saying true, one soweth and another reapeth." John 4:34-37.

We are the only Bible the careless world will read.
We are the sinners' Gospel, we are the scoffers' creed;
We are the Lord's last message, given in deed and word.
What if the type is crooked?
What if the page is blurred?

A BIBLE LOVER.

DAVY & ALLISON

Plumbing, Furnace Work, Tinsmiths.

Hardware, Paints and Oils. Stoves, and Furnaces.

DAVY & ALLISON,

Next to Caton's.